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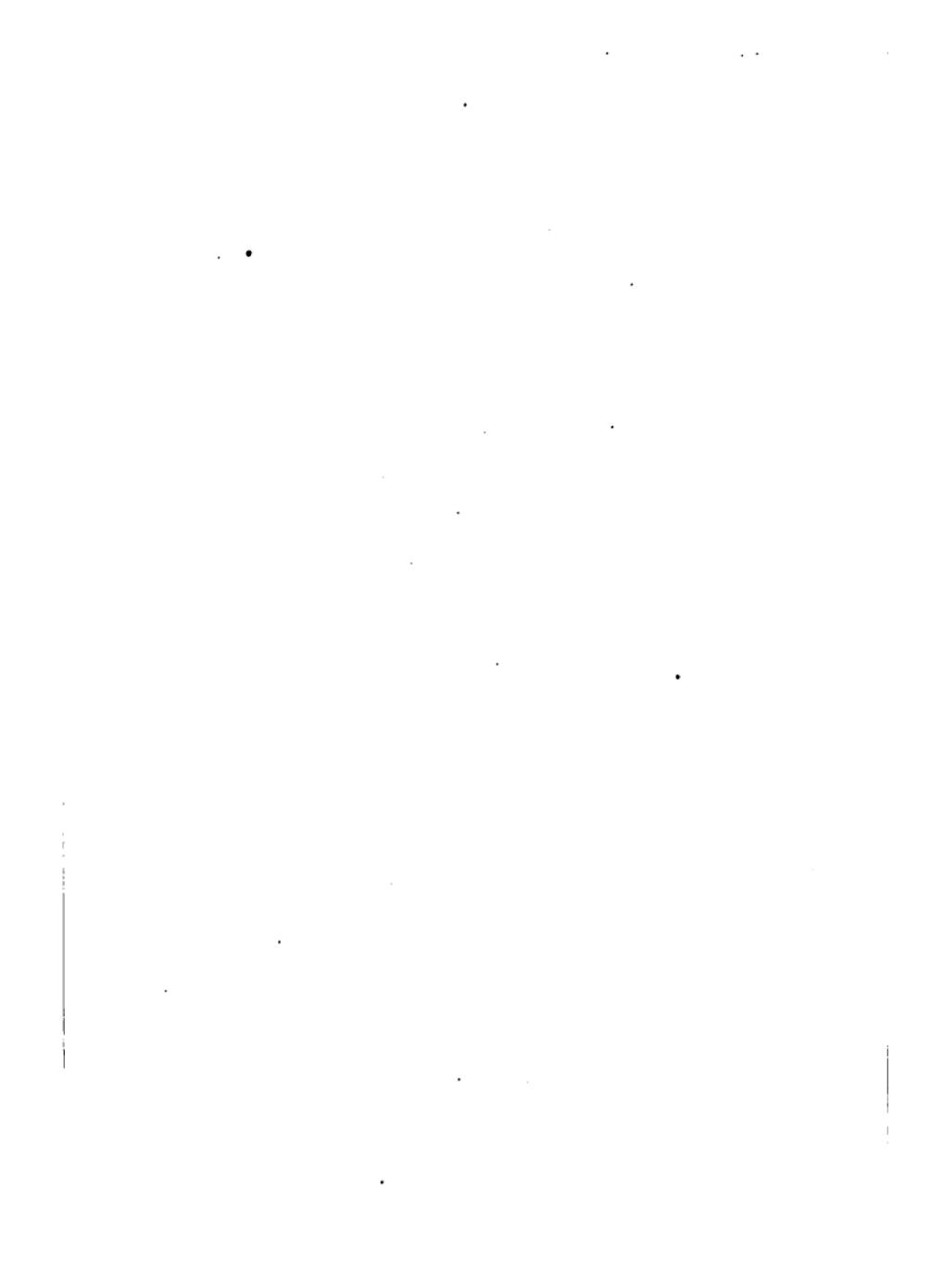
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To Jeanie  
with Emilie's love.

August 10. 1891.





# HYMNS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.

*With a Sketch of his Life*

Non vox sed votum, non chordula musica sed cor,  
Non clamans sed amans, cantat in aure Dei.  
*Gloss. in Cap. Cantantes.*



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E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY  
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1886

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## CONTENTS.

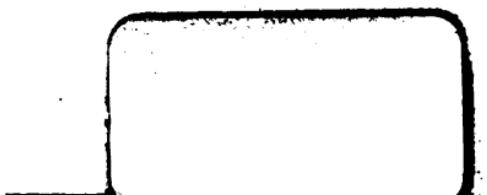
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### PART FIRST.

#### GOD AND THE MOST HOLY TRINITY.

PAGE.

The Unity of God . . . . .	9
The Holy Trinity . . . . .	10
Majesty Divine . . . . .	13
God . . . . .	16
The Eternity of God . . . . .	17
The Greatness of God . . . . .	20
The Will of God . . . . .	22
The Eternal Father . . . . .	25
Our Heavenly Father . . . . .	28
My Father . . . . .	30



To Jeanie  
with Emilie's love.

August 10. 1891.

	PAGE.
Low Spirits . . . . .	173
Light in Darkness . . . . .	175
Divine Favors . . . . .	178

## PART FOURTH.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Creation of the Angels . . . . .	181
The Unbelieving World . . . . .	183
The Old Labourer. . . . .	186
Music . . . . .	189
The Starry Skies . . . . .	193
The Sorrowful World . . . . .	196
Autumn . . . . .	200

## PART FIFTH.

## THE LAST THINGS.

The Memory of the Dead . . . . .	203
The Eternal Years . . . . .	205
After a Death . . . . .	208
The Pilgrims of the Night . . . . .	211
Wishes about Death . . . . .	214
The Paths of Death . . . . .	216
The Length of Death . . . . .	218
The House of Mourning . . . . .	221
The Violence of Grief . . . . .	225
Deep Grief . . . . .	229
Grief and Loss. . . . .	231
The Shadow of the Rock . . . . .	236

*CONTENTS.*

VII  
PAGE

A Child's Death . . . . .	239
The Land beyond the Sea . . . . .	243
The Shore of Eternity . . . . .	245
Paradise . . . . .	248
Heaven . . . . .	250







## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

---

	PAGE.
Ah, dearest Lord! I cannot pray . . . . .	164
All hail! dear Conqueror! all hail! . . . . .	87
Alone! to land alone upon that shore! . . . . .	245
Amid the eternal silences . . . . .	35
At last Thou art come, little Saviour! . . . . .	67
Autumn once more begins to teach. . . . .	200
Blest is the Faith, divine and strong . . . . .	147
Blood is the price of heaven . . . . .	83
Come! Holy Spirit! from the height . . . . .	46
Days, weeks, and months have gone, O Lord . . . .	229
Dear Little One! how sweet Thou art. . . . .	68



To Jeanie  
with Emilie's love.

August 10. 1891.

	PAGE.
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go . . . . .	101
Sweet Saviour! take me by the hand . . . . .	218
That music breathes all through my spirit . . . . .	189
The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind	129
The grief that was delayed so long . . . . .	208
The Land beyond the Sea! . . . . .	243
The Shadow of the Rock . . . . .	236
The starry skies, they rest my soul. . . . .	193
The thought of God, the thought of Thee . . . . .	103
Think well how Jesus trusts Himself . . . . .	154
Thou touchest us lightly, O God! in our grief . . . . .	239
Unchanging and unchangeable before angelic eyes .	90
We come to Thee, sweet Saviour! . . . . .	85
What end doth he fulfil . . . . .	186
Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's sandy road . . . . .	70
Why art thou sorrowful, servant of God? . . . . .	145
Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart? . . . . .	167





\* **FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER**, the seventh child of Thomas Henry Faber, Esq., of Huguenot origin, was born on the 28th of June, 1814, at the Vicarage of Calverley, Yorkshire, England, of which place his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Faber, was the incumbent. From his earliest years Frederick Faber gave promise of remarkable power of mind, which his parents, who were persons of

\* This sketch is compiled from "The Life and Letters of Frederick Wm. Faber, D.D."

considerable ability, carefully fostered. Owing to the death of three children immediately preceding him, he was the object of his mother's special affection. Ardent and impulsive he entered upon everything, whether work or play, with eagerness and determination.

One of the principal ingredients in his character was its poetic element, the development of which was materially assisted by the beautiful scenes in which his childhood was passed. His mother died in 1829, and four years later he lost his father.

After studying at Harrow School, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, in 1832. His prepossessing appearance and remarkable talent, together with conversational gifts of a very high order, made him a general favourite. His religious ideas had already assumed a very definite shape, for the spiritual training of his parents had indoctrinated him with the Calvinistic views which were traditional in his family, and in which there was much to attract him; his ardent nature was pleased with the warmth of expression which they encouraged, whilst the personal intercourse between God and the soul, which their theory of faith pro-

moted, was well suited to one of his affectionate temperament.

From the time of his arrival at Oxford, he attended the parochial services at St. Mary's, and soon became an enthusiastic admirer of the Rev. John Henry Newman, then vicar of that church; he also threw himself eagerly into the great movement, begun in 1833, for the revival of Church principles, the chief exposition of which was the series of "Tracts for the Times."

As Frederick Faber had always most earnestly desired to devote himself to the service of God, he looked forward eagerly to the time when he could receive ordination as a minister of the Church of England. As soon, therefore, as his election to a fellowship at University College, in January, 1837, gave him a secure position, he set to work vigourously at the task of preparing himself for orders.

When the long vacation arrived he took a small reading party to Ambleside, near the head of Windermere, and thus began a connection with that place which lasted for many years. Among the friendships which he formed there, the most valued was that of Mr. Wordsworth, whose poetry had been the ob-

Dear Lord ! my heart is sick  
Of this perpetual lapsing time,  
So slow in grief, in joy so quick,  
Yet ever casting shadows so sublime :  
Time of all creatures is least like to Thee,  
And yet it is our share of Thine eternity.

O change and time are storms  
For lives so thin and frail as ours ;  
For change the work of grace deforms  
With love that soils, and help that over-  
powers ;  
And time is strong, and, like some chafing  
sea,  
It seems to fret the shores of Thine eternity.

Weak, weak, forever weak !  
We cannot hold what we possess ;  
Youth cannot find, age will not seek,  
O weakness is the heart's worst wear-  
iness :  
But weakest hearts can lift their thoughts to  
Thee ;  
It makes us strong to think of Thine eternity.

Thou hadst no youth, great God,  
An Unbeginning End Thou art ;  
Thy glory in itself abode,  
And still abides in its own tranquil heart :

No age can heap its outward years on Thee :  
Dear God ! Thou art Thyself Thine own  
eternity !

Without an end or bound  
Thy life lies all outspread in light ;  
Our lives feel Thy life all around,  
Making our weakness strong, our dark-  
ness bright ;  
Yet is it neither wilderness nor sea,  
But the calm gladness of a full eternity.

Oh Thou art very great  
To set Thyself so far above !  
But we partake of Thine estate,  
Established in Thy strength and in Thy  
love :  
That love hath made eternal room for me  
In the sweet vastness of its own eternity.

Oh Thou art very meek  
To overshad<sup>e</sup> Thy creatures thus !  
Thy grandeur is the shade we seek ;  
To be eternal is Thy use to us :  
Ah Blessed God ! what joy it is to me  
To lose all thought of self in Thine eternity.

Self-wearied, Lord ! I come ;  
For I have lived my life too fast :  
Now that years bring me nearer home  
Grace must be slowly used to make it  
last ;  
When my heart beats too quick I think of  
Thee,  
And of the leisure of Thy long eternity.

Farewell, vain joys of earth !  
Farewell, all love that is not His !  
Dear God ! be Thou my only mirth,  
'Thy majesty my single timid bliss !  
Oh in the bosom of eternity  
Thou does not weary of Thyself, nor we of  
Thee !

---

### THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

O Majesty unspeakable and dread !  
Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,  
Thou wert, O Lord ! too great for our belief,  
Too little for our heart.  
  
Thy greatness would seem monstrous by the  
side  
Of creatures frail and undivine ;  
Yet they would have a greatness of their own  
Free and apart from Thine.

Such grandeur were but a created thing,  
A spectre, terror, and a grief,  
Out of all keeping with a world so calm,  
Oppressing our belief.

But greatness, which is infinite makes room  
For all things in its lap to lie;  
We should be crushed by a magnificence  
Short of infinity.

It would outgrow us from the face of things.  
Still prospering as we decayed,  
And, like a tyrannous rival, it would feed  
Upon the wrecks it made.

But what is infinite must be a home,  
A shelter for the meanest life,  
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth  
Far from the touch of strife.

We share in what is infinite : 'tis ours,  
For we and it alike are Thine ;  
What I enjoy, great God ! by right of Thee  
Is more than doubly mine.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie  
Outside us like a boundless sea ;  
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home.  
Nor drift away from Thee.

Out on that sea we are in harbour still,  
And scarce advert to winds and tides,  
Like ships that ride at anchor, with the waves  
Flapping against their sides.

Thus doth Thy grandeur make us grand ourselves ;  
'Tis goodness bids us fear ;  
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are,  
When those they love are near.

Great God ! our lowliness takes heart to play  
Beneath the shadow of Thy state ;  
The only comfort of our littleness  
Is that Thou art so great.

Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down ;  
Already life is heaven for me ;  
No cradled child more softly lies than I,—  
Come soon, Eternity !

---

#### THE WILL OF GOD.

I worship thee, sweet Will of God !  
And all thy ways adore,  
And every day I live I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;  
Thou wert the passion of His Heart  
Those Three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of thee,  
A love to lose my will in His,  
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to nought  
The plans of wily men;  
When simple hearts trust it the wise,  
Oh thou art lovely then!

The headstrong will, it presses hard  
Upon the simple soul oft,  
And then suddenly thou turnst  
The will into soft.

Pass each print where thou  
Hast set thine unseen feet:  
Do not fear thee, blessed Will!  
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt;  
My heart is ever gay;  
I run no risk, for come what will  
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will!  
For all my cares are thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord! for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gaily waits on thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God,  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,  
Thou glorious Will! ride on;  
Faith's pilgrim sons behind thee take  
The road that thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet Will!

---

THE ETERNAL FATHER.

Father! the sweetest, dearest Name.  
That men or angels know!  
Fountain of life, that had no fount  
From which itself could flow!

Thy life is one unwearing day;  
Before its Now Thou hast  
No varied future yet unlived,  
No lapse of changeless past.

Thou comest not, Thou goest not:  
Thou wert not, wilt not be;  
Eternity is but a thought  
By which we think of Thee.

No epochs lie behind Thy life;  
Thou holdst Thy life of none:  
No other life is by Thy side;  
Thine is supremely lone.

Far upward in the timeless past,  
Ere form or space had come,  
We see Thee by Thine own dread light,  
Thyself Thine only home.

Thy vastness is not young or old ;  
Thy life hath never grown ;  
No time can measure out Thy days.  
No space can make Thy throne.

Thy life is deep within Thyself,  
Sole Unbegotten Sire !  
But Son and Spirit flow from Thee  
In coeternal fire.

They flow from Thee, They rest in Thee  
As in a Father's Breast,—  
Processions of eternal love,  
Pulses of endless rest !

That They in majesty should reign  
Coequal, Sire ! with Thee,  
But magnifies the singleness  
Of Thy paternity.

Their uncreated glories, Lord !  
With Thine own glory shine ;  
Thy glory as the Father needs  
That Theirs should equal Thine.

All things are equal in Thy life :  
Thou joyst to be alone,  
To have no sire, and yet to have  
A coeternal Son.

Thy Spirit is Thy jubilee ;  
Thy Word is Thy delight ;  
Thou givest Them to equal Thee  
In glory and in might.

Thou art too great to keep unshared  
Thy grand eternity ;  
They have it as Thy gift to Them,  
Which is no gift to Thee.

We too, like Thy coequal Word,  
Within Thy lap may rest :  
We too, like Thine Eternal Dove,  
May nestle in Thy Breast.

Lone Fountain of the Godhead ! hail !  
Person most dread and dear !  
I thrill with frightened joy to feel  
Thy fatherhood so near.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord ! I live.  
As in some gorgeous maze ;  
Thy sea of unbegotten light  
Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

For Thy grandeur is all tenderness,  
All motherlike and meek;  
The hearts that will not come to it  
Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speakst  
As if from far above,  
That fear may make more bold with Thee  
And be beguiled to love,

On earth Thou hidest, not to scare  
The children with Thy light,  
Then shovest us Thy Face in heaven,  
When we can bear the sight.

All fathers learn their craft from Thee ;  
All loves are shadows cast  
From the beautiful eternal hills  
Of Thine unbeginning past.

---

### OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

My God ! how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy Majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat  
In depths of burning light !

How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord !  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored !

How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity !

Oh how I fear Thee, living God !  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord !  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

Oh then this worse than worthless heart  
In pity deign to take,  
And make it love Thee, for Thyself  
And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,  
With me Thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,  
Oh what a joy it is !  
To think the thought, to breathe the Name  
Earth has no higher bliss !

Father of Jesus, love's Reward !  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee !

---

## MY FATHER.

O God ! Thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright ;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing  
Creation can behold ;  
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins  
The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and ever more,  
Should we Thy creatures bless,  
Most worshipful of attributes,  
Thine awful holiness.

There's not a craving in the mind  
Thou dost not meet and still ;  
There's not a wish the heart can have  
Which thou dost not fulfil.

I see Thee in the eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round Thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,  
I see Thee all through time ;  
Thy patience and compassion seem  
New attributes sublime.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er,  
And outworn time is done,  
Still, still incomprehensible,  
O God ! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,  
Of Thee have drunk their fill ;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.

From Thee were drawn those worlds of life.  
The Saviour's Heart and Soul ;  
And undiminished still, Thy waves  
Of calmest glory roll.

All things that have been, all that are,  
All things that can be dreamed,  
All possible creations, made,  
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon Thy power,  
Thy mercy may command ;  
And still outflows Thy silent sea,  
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine ! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for Thee,  
A Father all thine own ?

---

### THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD

O God ! who wert my childhood's love,  
My boyhood's pure delight,  
A presence felt the livelong day,  
A welcome fear at night,—

Oh let me speak to Thee, dear God !  
Of those old mercies past,  
O'er which new mercies day by day  
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord !  
Sweet was the freedom deemed,  
And yet more like a mother's ways  
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

At school Thou wert a kindly Face  
Which I could almost see ;  
But home and holyday appeared  
Somehow more full of Thee.

I could not sleep unless Thy Hand  
Were underneath my head,  
That I might kiss it, if I lay  
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt,—  
I knew that Thou wert near,  
A silence tingling in the room,  
A strangely pleasant fear.

And to home-Sundays long since past  
How fondly memory clings ;  
For then my mother told of Thee  
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I know not what I thought of Thee,  
What picture I had made  
Of that eternal Majesty  
To whom my childhood prayed.

I know I used to lie awake,  
And tremble at the shape  
Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish  
Thy terrors to escape.

I had no secrets as a child,  
Yet never spoke of Thee ;  
The nights we spent together, Lord !  
Were only known to me.

I lived two lives, which seemed distinct,  
Yet which did intertwine :  
One was my mother's—it is gone—  
The other, Lord ! was Thine.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord !  
But sinned before Thy Face ;  
Yet now, on looking back, my sins  
Seem all beset with grace.

With age Thou grewest more divine,  
More glorious than before ;  
I feared Thee with a deeper fear.  
Because I loved Thee more.

Thou broadenest out with every year,  
Each breadth of life to meet :  
I scarce can think Thou art the same,  
Thou art so much more sweet.

Changed and not changed, Thy present charms  
Thy past ones only prove ;  
Oh make my heart more strong to bear  
This newness of Thy love !

These novelties of love !—when will  
Thy goodness find an end ?  
Whither will Thy compassions, Lord !  
Incredibly extend ?

Father ! what hast Thou grown to now ?  
A joy all joys above,  
Something more sacred than a fear,  
More tender than a love !

With gentle swiftness lead me on,  
Dear God ! to see Thy Face ;  
And meanwhile in my narrow heart  
Oh make Thyself more space !

---

### THE ETERNAL WORD.

Amid the eternal silences  
God's endless Word was spoken :  
None heard but He who always spake,  
And the silence was unbroken.

## CHORUS.

Oh marvellous ! Oh worshipful !

    No song or sound is heard,

    But everywhere and every hour,

    In love, in wisdom, and in power,

The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word !

For ever in the eternal land

    The glorious day is dawning ;

For ever is the Father's Light

    Like an endless outspread morning.

From the Father's vast tranquillity,

    In light coequal glowing

The kingly consubstantial Word

    Is unutterably flowing.

For ever climbs that Morning Star

    Without ascent or motion ;

For ever is its daybreak shed

    On the Spirit's boundless ocean.

O Word ! who fitly can adore

    Thy Birth and Thy Relation,

Lost in the impenetrable light

    Of Thine awful Generation ?

Thy Father clasps Thee evermore

    In unspeakable embraces,

While angels tremble as they praise,

    And shroud their dazzled faces.

And oh ! in what abyss of love,  
So fiery yet so tender,  
The Holy Ghost encircles Thee  
With His uncreated splendour !

O Word ! O dear and gentle Word !  
Thy creatures kneel before Thee,  
And in extacies of timid love  
Delightedly adore Thee.

Hail choicest mystery of God !  
Hail wondrous Generation !  
The Father's self-sufficient rest !  
The Spirit's jubilation !

Dear Person ! dear beyond all words,  
Glorious beyond all telling !  
Oh with what songs of silent love  
Our ravished hearts are swelling !

#### CHORUS.

O ! marvellous ! O worshipful !  
No song or sound is heard,  
But everywhere and every hour,  
In love, in wisdom, and in power,  
The Father speaks His dear Eternal Word

### **JESUS IS GOD.**

Jesus is God ! The solid earth,  
The ocean broad and bright,  
The countless stars, like golden dust,  
That strew the skies at night,  
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,  
The pleasant wholesome air,  
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,  
His own creations were.

Jesus is God ! The glorious bands  
Of golden angels sing  
Songs of adoring praise to Him,  
Their Maker and their King.  
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,  
On Calvary's cross true God,  
He who in heaven eternal reigned,  
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God ! There never was  
A time when He was not :  
Boundless, eternal, merciful,  
The Word the Sire begot !  
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,  
Onward through endless bliss,—  
For there are two eternities,  
And both alike are His !

Jesus is God ! Alas ! they say  
On earth the numbers grow,  
Who His Divinity blaspheme  
To their unfailing woe.  
And yet what is the single end  
Of this life's mortal span,  
Except to glorify the God  
Who for our sakes was man ?

Jesus is God ! Let sorrow come,  
And pain, and every ill ;  
All are worth while, for all are means  
His glory to fulfil ;  
Worth while a thousand years of life  
To speak one little word,  
If by our Credo we might own  
The Godhead of our Lord !

Jesus is God ! Oh could I now  
But compass land and sea,  
To teach and tell this single truth,  
How happy should I be !  
O had I but an angel's voice  
I would proclaim so loud,—  
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,  
Is everlasting God.

Jesus is God ! If on the earth  
This blessed faith decays,  
More tender must our love become,  
More plentiful our praise.  
We are not angels, but we may  
Down in earth's corners kneel,  
And multiply sweet acts of love,  
And murmur what we feel.

---

### **JESUS MY GOD AND MY ALL.**

O Jesus, Jesus ! dearest Lord !  
Forgive me if I say  
For very love Thy Sacred Name  
A thousand times a day.

I love Thee so, I know not how  
My transports to control ;  
Thy love is like a burning fire  
Within my very soul.

Oh wonderful ! that Thou shouldst let  
So vile a heart as mine  
Love Thee with such a love as this,  
And make so free with Thine.

The craft of this wise world of ours  
Poor wisdom seems to me;  
Ah! dearest Jesus ! I have grown  
Childish with love of Thee !

For Thou to me art all in all,  
My honour and my wealth.  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
My souls eternal health.

Burn, burn, O Love ! within my heart,  
Burn fiercely night and day,  
Till all the dross of earthly loves  
Is burned, and burned away.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,  
O Heaven begun on earth !  
Jesus my Love ! my Treasure ! who  
Can tell what Thou art worth ?

O Jesus ! Jesus ! sweetest Lord !  
What art thou not to me ?  
Each hour brings joy before unknown,  
Each day new liberty !

What limit is there to thee, love ?  
Thy flight where wilt thou stay ?  
On ! on ! our Lord is sweeter far  
To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus ! Blessed love !  
So will it ever be ;  
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,  
No, nor eternity !

---

### THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

Fountain of Love ! Thyselv true God !  
Who through eternal days  
From Father and from Son hast flowed  
In uncreated ways !

O Majesty unspeakable !  
O Person all divine !  
How in the Threefold Majesty  
Doth Thy Procession shine !

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light  
Thy fiery Breath doth move ;  
Thou art a wonder by Thyself  
To worship and to love !

Proceeding, yet of equal age  
With those whose love Thou art :  
Proceeding, yet distinct, from those  
From whom Thou seem'st to part :

An undivided Nature shared  
With Father and with Son ;  
A Person by Thyself ; with Them  
Thy simple essence One ;

Bond art Thou of the other Twain !  
Omnipotent and free !  
The consummating Love of God !  
The Limit of the Three !

Thou limitest infinity,  
Thyself all infinite ;  
The Godhead lives, and loves, and rests,  
In Thine eternal light.

I dread Thee, Unbegotten Love !  
True God ! sole Fount of Grace !  
And now before Thy Blessed throne  
My sinful self abase.

Ocean, wide-flowing Ocean, Thou,  
Of uncreated Love ;  
I tremble as within my soul  
I feel Thy waters move.

Thou art a sea without a shore ;  
Awful, immense Thou art ;  
A sea which can contract itself  
Within my narrow heart.

And yet Thou art a haven too  
Out on the shoreless sea,  
A harbor that can hold full well  
Shipwrecked Humanity.

Thou art an unborn Breath outbreathed  
On angels and on men,  
Subduing all things to Thyself,  
We know not how or when.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth  
Create while He consumes !  
A God of light, whose rays on earth  
Darken where He illumines !

All things ! dread Spirit ! to Thy praise  
Thy Presence doth transmute ;  
Evil itself Thy glory bears,  
Its one abiding fruit !

O Light ! O Love ! O very God  
I dare no longer gaze  
Upon Thy wondrous attributes,  
And their mysterious ways.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread !  
My heart is fit to break  
With love of all Thy tenderness  
For us poor sinners' sake.

Thy love of Jesus I adore ;  
My comfort this shall be,  
That, when I serve my dearest Lord,  
That service worships Thee !

---

*VENI CREATOR.*

O come, Creator Spirit ! come,  
Vouchsafe to make our minds Thy home ;  
And with Thy heavenly grace fulfill  
The hearts Thou madest at Thy will.

Thou that art named the Paraclete,  
The gift of God, His Spirit sweet ;  
The Living Fountain, Fire and Love,  
And gracious Unction from above.

Thy sevenfold grace Thou dost expand,  
O Finger of the Father's Hand ;  
True Promise of the Father, rich  
In gifts of tongue and various speech.

Kindle our senses with Thy light,  
And lead our hearts to love aright :  
Establish our weakness, and refresh  
With fortitude our fainting flesh.

Repel far off our deadly foe,  
And peace on us forthwith bestow ;  
With Thee for Guide we need not fear,  
Where Thou art, evil comes not near.

By Thee the Father let us bless,  
By Thee the Eternal Son confess,  
And Thee Thyself we evermore,  
The Spirit of Them Both, adore.

To God the Father let us raise,  
And to his only Son, our praise :  
Praise to the Holy Spirit be  
Now and for all eternity.

---

## VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Come, Holy Spirit ! from the height  
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light !  
Come, Father of the friendless poor !  
Giver of gifts, and Light of hearts,  
Come with that unction which imparts  
Such consolations as endure.

The Soul's Refreshment and her Guest,  
Shelter in heat, in labour Rest,

    The sweetest Solace in our woe !  
Come, blissful Light ! oh come and fill,  
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,  
    And make our inward fervour glow.

Where Thou art, Lord ! there is no ill,  
For evil's self Thy light can kill :  
    Oh let that light upon us rise !  
Lord ! heal our wounds, and cleanse our  
    stains,  
Fountain of grace ! and with Thy rains  
    Our barren spirits fertilize.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,  
And quicken what the world would chill,  
    And homeward call the feet that stray :  
Virtue's reward, and final grace,  
The Eternal Vision, face to face,  
    Spirit of Love ! for these we pray.

---

**HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN UPON  
THY CHILDREN.**

Holy Ghost ! come down upon Thy children,  
    Give us grace, and make us Thine ;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
    Blessed Spirit ! Dove Divine !

48 *HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN, ETC.*

For all within us good and holy  
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift;  
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,  
Whistful hearts to Thee we lift.  
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy chil-  
dren,  
Give us grace, and make us Thine;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

For Thou to us art more than father,  
More than sister, in Thy love,  
So gentle, patient, and forbearing  
Holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!  
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy chil-  
dren,  
Give us grace, and make us Thine;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

Oh we have grieved Thee, gracious Spirit!  
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;  
And still our sins, new every morning,  
Never yet have wearied Thee.  
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy chil-  
dren,  
Give us grace, and make us Thine;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle  
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!

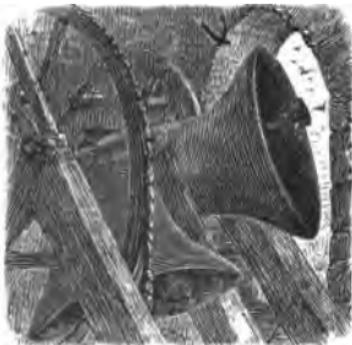
Dear Paraclete ! how hast Thou waited,  
While our hearts were slowly turned !  
How often hath Thy love been slighted,  
While for us it grieved and burned !  
Holy Ghost ! come down upon Thy chil-  
dren,  
Give us grace, and make us Thine :  
Thy tender fires within us kindle.  
Blessed Spirit ! Dove Divine !

Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,  
We would take Thee for our Lord !  
O dearest Spirit ! make us faithful  
To Thy least and lightest word.  
Holy Ghost ! come down upon Thy chil-  
dren,  
Give us grace, and make us Thine :  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit ! Dove Divine !

Ah ! sweet Consoler ! though we cannot  
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,  
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle.  
They will not be always thus.  
Holy Ghost ! come down upon Thy chil-  
dren,  
Give us grace, and make us Thine ;  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit ! Dove Divine !

50 *HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN, &TC.*

With hearts so vile how dare we venture,  
Holy Ghost! to love Thee so?  
And how canst Thou, with such compassion,  
Bear so long with things so low?  
Holy Ghost! come down upon Thy children,  
Give us grace, and make us Thine:  
Thy tender fires within us kindle,  
Blessed Spirit! Dove Divine!





## PART SECOND.

### The Sacred Humanity of Jesus.

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#### THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE PARADISUS ANIMÆ

Father! Creator! Lord Most High!  
Sweet Jesus! Fount of Clemency!  
Blest Spirit! who dost sanctify!

God ruling over all!  
The Dolours Christ did once endure,  
Oh grant that I, with spirit pure,  
Devoutly may recall.

Jesus ! Thou didst a Mother choose,  
Whose Seed the serpent's head should bruise,  
    Seed of a Virgin Womb ;  
Oh bruise that serpent now in me,  
Bruise him, good Lord ! that I may be  
    Thine at the Day of Doom.

Jesus ! the saint in spirit soar,  
Where angels hymn for evermore  
    The Judge who shall appear ;  
Receive a suppliant that would raise  
His voice unto that choir of praise,  
    But is half mute through fear.

I. THE INFANCY AND YOUTH OF OUR SAVIOUR  
TILL HIS BAPTISM.

Jesus ! who from Thy Throne didst come,  
And man's most vile estate assume,  
    Our fallen race to lift,  
Oh grant that such transcending love  
To me through Thine own grace, may prove  
    No ineffectual gift.

Jesus ! whom Mary once conceived  
Through grace, her backward fears relieved  
    By angel's salutation,  
May I, within a chastened heart,  
Conceive Thee, Living Word, who art  
    My God and my Salvation.

Jesus ! whom Thy sweet Mother bore  
To Saint Elizabeth of yore,  
    On Jewry's mountain lea ;  
Oh mayst Thou oft, in ways concealed,  
To heart but not to eye revealed,  
    Vouchsafe to visit me.

Jesus ! kind visitant of earth,  
Of sinless and of painless birth,  
    Thy Mother's only-born,  
May love with undiverted flame  
Ascend, and for Thy glorious Name  
    All other nuptials scorn.

Jesus ! the spacious world was Thine,  
Yet, when Thou wouldest Thy head recline,  
    It scarce found room for Thee ;  
And oh ! shall sinful man be bent  
On self-sought greatness, not content  
    With Christ-like poverty ?

Jesus ! for whom the Shepherds sought  
As Infant, by the angels taught  
    From out the midnight sky,  
Oh may I love Thy praise on earth,  
That I may one day share the mirth  
    Of angel hosts on high.

Jesus ! my God and Saviour, Thou,  
Sinless, didst as a sinner bow  
    To ordinance divine :  
Oh curb my loose and wandering eyes,  
Prune my self-will, and circumcise  
    This carnal heart of mine.

Jesus ! before Thy manger, kings  
Lay prostrate with their offerings,  
    A most unworldly throne ;  
Thou to my cradle camest, Lord,  
With gifts invisibly outpoured  
    From waters of Thine own.

Jesus ! whom Thy meek Mother vowed  
To God, whose law would have allowed  
    Her first-born to go free,  
Oh give me such a humble mind,  
That in obedience I may find  
    The choicest liberty.

Jesus ! sweet fugitive, who fled  
From Herod's bloody net outspread  
    For Thy dear Infancy,  
Give me, O Lord, like modest care  
To fly the world when it speaks fair,  
    To steal Thy grace away.

Jesus ! whom Thy sad Mother sought,  
And in the temple found, who taught  
The aged in Thy youth :  
How blest are they who keep aright,  
Or find, when lost, the living light  
Of Thine eternal truth !

O Creator ! hear Thy creatures,  
Saviour ! hear us when we pray ;  
Thou who dost renew our natures,  
Good Spirit ! give us hearts to say,  
DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

2. THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS  
PASSION.

Jesus ! the Father's words approve  
His Son in Jordan, while the Dove,  
Bright Witness, hovers down ;  
So wash me, Lord, that I may be,  
At the great day, approved of Thee,  
Before Thy Father's throne.

Jesus ! who in the strength of fast,  
Through Adam's three temptations passed,  
On Adam's trial-ground,  
In me let hallowed abstinence  
The issues seal of carnal sense,  
And Satan's wiles confound.

Jesus ! Thou didst the fishers call,  
Who straightway at Thy voice left all,  
To teach the world of Thce ;  
May I with ready will obey  
Thine inward call, and keep the way  
Of Thy simplicity.

Jesus ! who deignedst to be a guest,  
Where Mary's gently-urged behest  
With Thy kind power made free,  
May I mine earthly kinsfolk love,  
In such pure ways, that I may prove  
My greater love for Thee.

Jesus ! how toiled Thy blessed Feet  
O'er hill and dale and stony street,  
Through weary want and pain !  
Oh may I rather for Thy sake  
The hardships Thou hast hallowed take  
Than joys Thou didst disdain.

Jesus ! in all the zeal of love  
How amiably didst Thou reprove  
Poor wretches lost in sin !  
Ah ! may I first in penance live,  
Rebuking self, then humbly strive  
My brother's soul to win.

Jesus ! who didst the multitude  
Twice nourish with miraculous food  
    Of soul and body both,  
Give me my daily bread, O Lord,  
Thy Flesh, Thyself, Incarnate Word !  
    Which feeds our heavenly growth.

Jesus ! Thy gracious truth revealing,  
All sorrow soothing, sickness healing,  
    And so requiting hate,  
Oh grant that I may ever be  
Like-minded, blessed Lord ! with Thee,  
    And envy no man's state.

Jesus ! transfigured on the height  
Of Tabor in mysterious light  
    From heaven's eternal fountain,  
It such the earthly type, oh lead,  
Lead me where Thou Thy flock dost feed  
    Upon the holy mountain.

Jesus ! who wept o'er Salem's towers,  
Wept for her long and baleful hours  
    Of misery and sin !  
O Love Divine, could I but borrow  
From Thy sweet strength such strength of  
    sorrow  
As might her pardon win !

Jesus! and do I now behold  
 My God, my Saviour, bought and sold,  
 A traitor's merchandise!  
 Oh grant that I may never be  
 A Judas, dearest Lord, to Thee,  
 For all that earth can prize.

O Creator! hear Thy creatures,  
 Saviour! hear us, when we pray;  
 Thou who dost renew our natures,  
 Good Spirit! Give us heart to say.

DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA!

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3. THE PASSION OF OUR SAVIOUR TILL HIS  
 CRUCIFIXION.

Jesus! who deem'dst it not unmeet  
 To wash Thine own disciples' feet,  
 Though Thou wert Lord of all;  
 Teach me thereby this wisdom meek,  
 That they who self-abasement seek  
 Alone shall fear no fall.

Jesus! who Thy true Flesh didst take  
 Upon the Paschal night, and break  
 For our most precious Food,  
 O Living Bread, be Thou my strength  
 Through which the world and flesh, at length,  
 In me may be subdued.

Jesus ! who in the garden felt  
The bloody sweat, yet patient knelt  
    To do Thy Father's will,  
To me give such a zealous mind  
To suffer such a heart resigned  
    Thy statutes to fulfil.

Jesus ! Thy friends are fain to sleep,  
While to the unresisting Sheep  
    The cruel wolves repair ;  
May I be found as meek and still  
By those who wish or work me ill,  
    And, like my Lord, at prayer.

Jesus ! who sawst on that sad night  
Thine own, Thy chosen, take to flight  
    And leave their Lord by stealth ;  
Oh may we learn in grief and care  
Those harder trials still to bear,  
    Prosperity and wealth.

Jesus ! who meekly silent stood  
Before the accusing multitude,  
    Do Thou my tongue control,  
Set on my busy lips Thy seal ;  
Ascetic silence oft can heal  
    The sickness of the soul.

Jesus ! whom Peter then denied,  
Thou with one gentle look didst chide  
    The weak disciple's fears ;

If ever I deny Thy Name,  
Thy Cross, oh send me speedy shame,  
Oh give me Peter's tears.

Jesus ! the Judge of quick and dead,  
Thyself, when falsely judged, wert led  
In mock regalia clad ;  
May I my solemn office fill,  
Judge of myself, and think no ill,  
Not even of the bad.

Jesus ! when scourged and buffeted  
And spit upon, Thy sacred Head  
Was bow'd to earth for me ;  
Oh may I pardon find, and bliss,  
And expiating love in this  
My Lord's indignity.

Jesus ! with crown of ruddy thorn  
The Jews Thy tortured brow adorn,  
And jeering, hail Thee king ;  
May I, O Lord, with heart sincere  
My humble zeal, my love, and fear,  
And real homage bring.

Jesus ! for whom the wicked Jews  
A vile and blood-stained robber choose,  
Have mercy, Lord, on me,  
And keep me from a choice so base  
As taking wealth or ease or place,  
Barabbas, Lord ! for Thee

O Creator ! hear Thy creatures,  
Saviour ! hear us when we pray ;  
Thou who dost renew our natures,  
Good Spirit ! give us hearts to say,  
    DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

4. THE CRUCIFIXION, AND WHAT WAS DONE  
    UPON THE CROSS.

Jesus ! along Thy proper road  
Of sorrows, with Thy weary Load  
    How didst Thou toil and strain !  
Oh may I bear the Cross like Thee,  
Or rather, Lord, do thou in me  
    The blessed weight sustain.

Jesus ! on that most doleful day  
How were thy garments stripped away,  
    Thy holy Limbs laid bare !  
Oh may no works or ways unclean  
Despoil me of that modest mien  
    Thy servants, Lord, should wear.

Jesus ! What direst agony  
Was thine upon the bitter tree,  
    With healing virtues rife !  
Oh may I count all things but loss,  
All for the glory of the Cross,  
    The sinner's Tree of Life.

Jesus ! around Thy sacred Head  
There is an ominous brightness shed,  
The Name which Pilate wrote ;  
Save us, Thou royal Nazarene !  
For in that Threefold Name are seen  
The gifts Thy Passion brought.

Jesus ! who to the Father prayed  
For those who all Thy love repaid.

With this dread cup of woes,  
Teach me to conquer, Lord, like Thee,  
By patience and benignity,  
The thwarting of my foes.

Jesus ! who, come to seek and save,  
Absolved the thief, and promise gave  
Of peace among the blest,  
Ah ! do Thou give me penitence  
Like this, that I, when summoned hence,  
In paradise may rest.

Jesus ! who bade the virgin John  
'Thy Mother take, when Thou wert gone,  
And in Thy stead to be,  
Oh when I yield my parting breath,  
Be Thou beside me, and in death,  
Good Lord, remember me.

Jesus ! true Man, who cried aloud,  
Toward the ninth hour, My God, my God,  
O why am I forsaken ?

Lord ! may I never fall from Thee,  
Nor e'en in life's extremity  
    My humble trust be shaken.

Jesus ! athirst, the soldiers think  
To mock Thee, giving Thee to drink  
    What might inflame Thy pain ;  
Ah ! mindful of the loathsome draught  
Which for my sins my Saviour quaffed,  
    May I my flesh restrain.

Jesus ! Redeemer, all the price  
Of Adam's sin Thy sacrifice  
    Did more than fully pay ;  
May I my stewardship fulfil  
With equal strictness, and Thy will  
    With scrupulous love obey.

Jesus ! Thy passion at an end,  
Thou didst Thy blameless Soul commend  
    Unto the Father's care ;  
When my last hour is come, may I  
Hasten with meek alacrity  
    To do Thy will elsewhere.

O Creator ! hear Thy creatures,  
Saviour ! hear us when we pray ;  
Thou who dost renew our natures,  
Good Spirit ! give us hearts to say,  
    DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

5. WHAT WAS DONE AFTER HIS DEATH,  
BURIAL, RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, SES-  
SION, AND SECOND ADVENT.

Jesus ! all hail, who for my sin  
Didst die, and by that death didst win  
    Eternal life for me ;  
Send me Thy grace, good Lord ! that I  
Unto the world and flesh may die,  
    And hide my life with Thee.

Jesus ! from out Thine open Side  
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied  
    With endless streams of love ;  
Come ye who would your sickness quell,  
Draw freely from that sacred well,  
    Its heavenly virtues prove.

Jesus ! Thy Passion's bitter smart  
Pierced like a sword Thy Mother's heart  
    As Simeon prophesied ;  
So fix my heart unto Thy Cross,  
That I may count all gain but loss  
    For Jesus Crucified !

Jesus ! in spices wrapped, and laid  
Within the garden's rocky shade,  
    By jealous seals made sure.

Embalm me with Thy grace, and hide  
Thy servant in Thy wounded Side,  
A heavenly sepulture !

Jesus ! who to the spirits went,  
And preached the new enfranchisement  
Thy recent death had won,  
Absolve me, Lord ! and set me free  
From self and sin, that I may be  
Bondsman to Thee alone.

Jesus ! who from the dead arose,  
And straightway sought to comfort those  
Whose weak faith mourned for Thee,  
O may I rise from sin and earth,  
And so make good that second birth  
Which Thou hast wrought in me.

Jesus ! who wert at Emmaus known  
In breaking bread, and thus art shown  
Unto Thy people now.

Oh may my heart within me burn,  
When at the Altar I discern  
Thy Body, Lord ! and bow,

Jesus ! amid yon olives hoar,  
Thy forty days of sojourn o'er,  
Thou didst ascend on high ;  
Oh thither may my heart and mind  
Ascend, their home and harbour find  
With Jesus in the sky.

Jesus ! ten silent days expired,  
The Eternal Spirit came, and fired  
    With His celestial heat  
Thine Infant Church ; Oh may that light  
Within one pasture now unite  
    Men's widely wandering feet.

Jesus ! who at this very hour  
At God's Right Hand in pomp and power  
    Our nature still dost wear,  
Oh let Thy Wounds still intercede,  
And by their simple silence plead  
    Thy countless merits there.

Jesus ! who shalt in glory come  
With angels to the final doom,  
    Men's works and wills to weigh,  
Since from that pomp I cannot flee,  
Be pitiful, great Lord ! to me  
    In that tremendous day.

O Creator ! hear Thy creatures,  
Saviour ! hear us when we pray ;  
Thou who dost renew our natures,  
Good Spirit ! give us hearts to say,  
    DEUS MEUS ET OMNIA !

Rome. Villa Strozzi,  
Eve of St. Barnabas, 1843.

**CHRISTMAS NIGHT.**

At last Thou art come, little Saviour !  
And Thine angels fill midnight with song ;  
Thou art come to us, gentle Creator !  
Whom Thy creatures have sighed for so  
long.

**CHORUS.**

All hail, Eternal Child !  
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem !  
Hail God's Eternal Son,  
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem !

Thou art come to Thy beautiful Mother ;  
She hath looked on Thy marvellous Face ;  
Thou art come to us, Maker of Mary !  
And she was Thy channel of grace.

Thou hast brought with Thee plentiful pardon,  
And our souls overflow with delight ;  
Our hearts are half broken, dear Jesus !  
With the joy of this wonderful night.

We have waited so long for Thee, Saviour !  
Art Thou come to us, dearest ! at last ?  
Oh bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy Mother !  
This is worth all the wearisome past !

Thou art come, Thou art come, Child of Mary !  
Yet we hardly believe Thou art come ;—  
It seems such a wonder to have Thee,  
New Brother ! with us in our home.

'Thou wilt stay with us, Master and Maker !  
Thou wilt stay with us now evermore :  
We will play with Thee, beautiful Brother !  
On Eternity's jubilant shore.

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## THE INFANT JESUS.

Dear Little One ! how sweet Thou art,  
Thine eyes how bright they shine,  
So bright they almost seem to speak  
When Mary's look meets Thine !

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,  
Like plaint of harmless dove,  
When Thou dost murmur in Thy sleep  
Of sorrow and of love.

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou sleepst,  
Thou wakest when she calls ;  
Thou art content upon her lap,  
Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of Babes ! with what a grace  
Thou dost Thy Mother's will !  
Thine infant fashions well betray  
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms,  
And smooths Thy little cheek,  
Thou lookest up into his face  
So helpless and so meek.

Yes ! Thou art what Thou seemst to be,  
A thing of smiles and tears ;  
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and earth  
Adore Thee with their fears.

Yes ! dearest Babe ! those tiny hands,  
That play with Mary's hair,  
The weight of all the mighty world  
This very moment bear.

While Thou art clasping Mary's neck  
In timid tight embrace,  
The boldest Seraphs veil themselves  
Before Thine infant Face.

When Mary hath appeased Thy thirst,  
And hushed Thy feeble cry,  
The hearts of men lie open still  
Before Thy slumbering eye.

Art Thou, weak Babe ! my very God ?  
Oh I must love Thee then,  
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love  
Among forgetful men.

O sweet, O wakeful-hearted Child !  
Sleep on, dear Jesus ! sleep ;  
For Thou must one day wake for me  
To suffer and to weep.

A Scourge, a Cross, a cruel Crown  
Have I in store for Thee ;  
Yet why ? one little tear, O Lord !  
Ransom enough would be.

But no ! death is Thine own sweet will,  
The price decreed above ;  
Thou wilt do more than save our souls,  
For Thou wilt die for love.

---

### THE THREE KINGS.

Who are these that ride so fast o'er the desert's  
sandy road,  
That have tracked the Red Sea shore, and  
have swum the torrents broad ;  
Whose camels' bells are tinkling through the  
long and starry night—  
For they ride like men pursued, like the van  
quished of a fight ?

Who are these that ride so fast? 'They art  
eastern monarchs three,  
Who have laid aside their crowns, and re-  
nounced their high degree;  
The eyes they love, the hearts they prize, the  
well-known voices kind,  
Their people's tents, their native plains, they've  
left them all behind.

The very least of faith's dim rays beamed on  
them from afar,  
And that same hour they rose from off their  
thrones to track the Star;  
They cared not for the cruel scorn of those  
who called them mad;  
Messias' Star was shining, and their royal  
hearts were glad.

But a speck was in the midnight sky, uncer-  
tain, dim, and far,  
And their hearts were pure, and heard a voice  
proclaim Messias' Star:  
And in its golden twinkling they saw more  
than common light,  
The Mother and the Child they saw in Beth-  
lehem by night!

And what were crowns, and what were thrones,  
to such a sight as that?

So straight away they left their tents, and  
bade not grace to wait;  
They hardly stop to slake their thirst at the  
desert's limpid springs,  
Nor note how fair the landscape is, how sweet  
the skylark sings!

Whole cities have turned out to meet their  
• royal cavalcade,  
Wise colleges and doctors all their wisdom  
have displayed;  
And when the star was dim, they knocked at  
Herod's palace gate,  
And troubled with the news of faith his politic  
estate.

And they have knelt in Bethlehem! The  
Everlasting Child  
They saw upon His mother's lap, earth's  
monarch meek and mild;  
His little feet, with Mary's leave, they pressed  
with loving kiss,—  
Oh what were thrones, oh what were crowns,  
to such a joy as this?

One little sight of Jesus was enough for many  
years,  
One look at Him their stay and staff in the  
dismal vale of tears:

Their people for that sight of Him they gallantly withstood,  
They taught His faith, they preached His word, and for Him shed their blood.

Ah me ! what broad daylight of faith our thankless souls receive,  
How much we know of Jesus, and how easy to believe ;  
Tis the noonday of His sunshine, of His sun that setteth never :  
Faith gives us crowns, and makes us kings, and our kingdom is for ever !

Oh glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings,  
These miracles of royal faith, with eastern offerings :  
For Gaspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar, who from far  
Found Mary out and Jesus by the shining of a Star !

---

## THE PURIFICATION.

Joy ! joy ! the mother comes,  
And in her arms she brings  
The Light of all the world,

The Christ, the King of kings ;  
And in her heart the while  
All silently she sings.

Saint Joseph follows near,  
In rapture lost and love,  
While angels round about  
In glowing circles move,  
And o'er the Mother broods  
The Everlasting Dove !

There in the temple court  
Old Simeon's heart beats high,  
And Anna feeds her soul  
With food of prophecy ;  
But, see ! the shadows pass,  
The world's true Light draws nigh.

O Infant God ! O Christ !  
O Light most beautiful !  
Thou comest, Joy of Joys !  
All darkness to annul ;  
And brightest lights of earth  
Beside Thy Light are dull.

O Mary ! bear Him quick  
Into His temple gate,  
For poor impatient souls  
His healing sunrise wait :  
And pay His price that He  
May be emancipate.

Yes ! thou wilt set Him free ;  
He will be wholly ours,  
To lighten every soul  
In earth's benighted bowers,  
Undoing Adam's curse,  
And turning thorns to flowers.

Ah ! with what thrills of awe  
The Mother's heart is teeming,  
To think the newborn light  
That o'er the world is streaming  
At His own Mother's hands  
Should stoop to need redeeming.

---

**LENT.**

Now are the days of humblest prayer,  
When consciences to God lie bare,  
And mercy most delights to spare.

Oh hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us with Thy fear ;  
Yet, Father ! in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear !

Now is the season, wisely long,  
Of sadder thought and graver song,  
When ailing souls grow well and strong.  
Oh hearken when we cry

Chastise us with Thy fear ;  
Yet, Father ! in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear !

O happy time of blessed tears,  
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,  
Undoing all our evil years.

Oh hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us with Thy fear ;  
Yet, Father ! in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear !

We, who have loved the world must learn  
Upon that world our backs to turn,  
And with the love of God to burn.

Oh hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us with Thy fear ;  
Yet, Father ! in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear !

Vile creatures of such little worth !—  
Than we, there can be none on earth  
More fallen from their Christian birth.

Oh hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us with Thy fear ;  
Yet, Father ! in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear !

Full long in sin's dark ways we went,  
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,  
And grace is plentiful in Lent.

Oh hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us with Thy fear;  
Yet, Father! in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear!

Al. glory to redeeming grace,  
Disdaining not our evil case,  
But showing us our Saviour's face!

Oh hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us with Thy fear;  
Yet, Father! in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear!

---

### THE AGONY.

O Soul of Jesus, sick to death!  
Thy blood and prayer together plead;  
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,  
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight—and still the oppressive load  
Upon Thy tortured Heart doth lie;  
Still the abhorred procession winds  
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!  
All darkly on Thy Human Soul;  
And clouds of supernatural gloom  
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath  
Drives over Thee with pressure dread ;  
And, forced upon the olive roots,  
In deathlike sadness droops Thy Head

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men ;  
Thy science fathoms all their guilt ;  
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy Heart,  
And the pores open,—Blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord !  
Even to the limit of Thy strength,  
While hours, whose minutes were as years  
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,  
And shrunk with an astonished fear,  
As if Thou couldst not bear to see  
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's Anger ! they  
Have made Thy lower nature faint :  
All save the love within Thy Heart,  
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God ! My God ! and can it be  
That I should sin so lightly now,  
And think no more of evil thoughts,  
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

I sin,—and heaven and earth go round,  
As if no dreadful deed were done,  
As if God's Blood had never flowed  
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,  
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,  
Do my own will, nor ever heed  
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord ?  
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me  
The grace Thy Passion merited,  
Hatred of self and love of Thee ?

Oh by the pains of Thy pure love,  
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;  
And give me of Thy Bloody Sweat  
To wash my guilty conscience clear !

Ever when tempted, make me see,  
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,  
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,  
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,  
As though no other sins there were,  
That was to Him who bears the world  
A load that He could scarcely bear !

## JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Oh come and mourn with me awhile !  
See, Mary calls us to her side ;  
Oh come and let us mourn with her ;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed ;  
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied ;  
His failing Eyes are blind with blood :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men ;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord ?  
By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,  
And guilty found of too much love :  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Found guilty of excess of love,  
It was Thine own sweet will that tied  
Thee tighter far than helpless nails ;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine !  
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
His Pilate and His Judas were ;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,  
And let the Blood from out that Side  
Fall gently on thee drop by drop ;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
A broken heart, love's cradle is ;  
Jesus, our Love, is crucified !

O Love of God ! O Sin of man !  
In this dread act your strength is tried.  
And victory remains with love ;  
For He, our Love, is crucified !

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THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Hail, Jesus ! Hail ! who for my sake  
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,  
And shed it all for me ;  
Oh Blessed be my Saviour's Blood,  
My life, my light, my only good,  
To all eternity.

To endless ages let us praise  
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise  
    The world from wrath and sin ;  
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,  
And heal the sinner's worst disease,  
    If he but bathe therein.

Oh sweetest Blood, that can implore  
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,  
    The heaven which sin had lost :  
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,  
What Jesus shed still intercedes  
    For those who wrong Him most.

Oh to be sprinkled from the wells  
Of Christ's own sacred Blood, excels  
    Earth's best and highest bliss :  
The ministers of wrath divine  
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine  
    With those red drops of His !

Ah ! there is joy amid the saints,  
And hell's despairing courage faints  
    When this sweet song we raise :  
Oh louder then, and louder still,  
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,  
    The Precious Blood to praise !

## BLOOD IS THE PRICE OF HEAVEN

Blood is the price of heaven ;  
All sin that price exceeds ;  
Oh come to be forgiven,—  
    He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
    Bleeds !

Under the olive boughs,  
    Falling like ruby beads,  
The Blood drops from His Brows,  
    He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
    Bleeds !

While the fierce scourges fall,  
    The Precious Blood still pleads :  
In front of Pilate's hall  
    He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
    Bleeds !

Beneath the thorny crown  
    The crimson fountain speeds ;  
See how it trickles down,—  
    He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
    Bleeds !

Bearing the fatal wood  
His band of saints He leads,  
Marking the way with Blood ;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

On Calvary His shame  
With Blood still intercedes ;  
His open Wounds proclaim—  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

He hangs upon the tree,  
Hangs there for my misdeeds ;  
He sheds His Blood for me ;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds !  
Bleeds !

Ah me ! His Soul is fled ;  
Yet still for my great needs  
He bleeds when He is dead  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds .  
Bleeds !

His Blood is flowing still;  
My thirsty soul it feeds;  
He lets me drink my fill;  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds!  
Bleeds!

O sweet! O Precious Blood!  
What love, what love it breeds  
Ransom, Reward, and Food,  
He bleeds,  
My Saviour bleeds!  
Bleeds!

---

WE COME TO THEE SWEET  
SAVIOUR.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour;  
Just because we need Thee so:  
None need Thee more than we do;  
Nor are half so vile or low.

CHORUS.

O bountiful salvation!  
O life eternal won!  
O plentiful redemption!  
O Blood of God's dear Son!

86 *WE COME TO THEE SWEET SAVIOUR.*

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
None will have us, Lord ! but Thee ;  
And we want none but Jesus,  
And His grace that makes us free.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
For our sins are worse than ever ;  
Dear Shepherd of the outcast !  
But Thy patience wearies never.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
With our broken faith again :  
We know Thou wilt forgive us,  
Nor upbraid us, nor complain.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
It is love that makes us come :  
We are certain of our welcome,  
Of our Father's welcome home.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
Fear brings us in our need ;  
For Thy hand never breaketh,  
Not the frailest bruised reed.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
For to whom, Lord ! can we go ?  
The words of life eternal  
From Thy lips for ever flow.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
 We have tried Thee, oft before ;  
 But now we come more wholly,  
 With the heart to love Thee more.

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
 'Tis in answer to Thy call,  
 Dear Hope of the unworthy !  
 Dearest Merit of us all !

We come to Thee, sweet Saviour !  
 And Thou wilt not ask us why :  
 We cannot live without Thee,  
 And still less without Thee die.

## CHORUS.

O bountiful salvation !  
 O life eternal won !  
 O plentiful redemption !  
 O Blood of God's dear Son !

## JESUS RISEN.

A1 hail ! dear Conqueror ! all hail !  
 Oh what a victory is Thine !  
 How beautiful Thy strength appears,  
 Thy crimson Wounds, how bright they shine !

Down, down, all lofty things on earth,  
And worship Him with joyous dread !  
O Sin ! thou art outdone by love !  
O Death ! thou art discomfited !

Ye Heavens, how sang they in your courts,  
How sang the angelic choirs that day,  
When from his tomb the imprisoned God,  
Like the strong sunrise, broke away ?

Oh I am burning so with love,  
I fear lest I should make too free ;  
Let me be silent and adore  
Thy glorified Humanity.

Ah ! now Thou sendest me sweet tears ;  
Fluttered with love, my spirits fail,—  
What shall I say ? Thou knowest my heart ;  
All hail ! dear Conqueror ! all hail !

---

### THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST

He comes ! He comes ! that mighty Breath  
From heaven's eternal shores ;  
His uncreated freshness fills  
His bride as she adores.

Earth quakes before that rushing blast,  
Heaven echoes back the sound,  
And mightily the tempest wheels  
That Upper Room around.

One moment—and the silentness  
Was breathless as the grave;  
The fluttered earth forgot to quake,  
The troubled trees to wave.

One moment—and the Spirit hung  
O'er them with dread desire;  
Then broke upon the heads of all  
In cloven tongues of fire.

What gifts He gave those chosen men,  
Past ages can display;  
Nay more, their vigour still inspires  
The weakness of to-day.

Those tongues still speak within the Church,  
That Fire is undecayed;  
Its well-spring was that Upper Room,  
Where the disciples met and prayed.

The Spirit came into the Church  
With His unfailing power;  
He is the Living Heart that beats  
Within her at this hour.

Speak gently then of Church and Saints,  
Lest you His ways reprove;  
The Heat, the Pulses of the Church  
Are God's Eternal Love.

Oh let us fall and worship Him,  
The Love of Sire and Son,  
The Consubstantial Breath of God,  
The Coeternal One !

Ah ! see, how like the Incarnate Word,  
His Blessed Self He lowers,  
To dwell with us invisibly,  
And make His riches ours.

Most tender Spirit ! Mighty God !  
Sweet must Thy Presence be.  
If loss of Jesus can be gain,  
So long as we have Thee !

---

### THE SACRED HEART.

Unchanging and Unchangeable, before angelic  
eyes,  
The Vision of the Godhead in its tranquil  
beauty lies ;  
And, like a city lighted up all gloriously within,  
Its countless lustres glance and gleam, and  
sweetest worship win.  
On the Unbegotten Father, awful well-spring  
of the Three,  
On the Sole Begotten Son's coequal Majesty,

On Him eternally breathed forth from Father  
and from Son.  
The spirits gaze with fixed amaze, and unreck-  
oned ages run.

CHORUS :

Myriad, myriad angels raise  
Happy hymns of wondering praise,  
Ever through eternal days,  
Before the Holy Trinity,  
One Undivided Three !

Still the Fountain of the Godhead giveth forth  
eternal being :  
Still begetting, unbegotten, still His own per-  
fection seeing,  
Still limiting His own loved Self with His  
dear coequal Spirit,  
No change comes o'er that blissful Life, no  
shadow passeth near it.  
And beautiful dread Attributes, all manifold  
and bright,  
Now thousands seem, now lose themselves in  
one self-living light ;  
And far in that deep Life of God, in harmony  
complete,  
Like crownèd kings, all opposite perfections  
take their seat.

And in that ungrowing vision nothing deepens, nothing brightens,  
But the living Life of God perpetually lightens ;  
And created life is nothing but a radiant shadow fleeing  
From the unapproachèd lustres of that Unbeginning Being ;  
Spirits wise and deep have watched that everlasting Ocean,  
And never o'er its lucid field hath rippled faintest motion ;  
In glory undistinguished never have the Three seemed One,  
Nor ever in divided streams the Single Essence run.

There reigns the Eternal Father, in His lone prerogatives,  
And, in the Father's Mind, the Son, all self-existing, lives,  
With Him, their mutual Jubilee, that deepest depth of love,  
Lifegiving Life of two-fold source, the many gifted Dove !  
O Bountiful ! O Beautiful ! can Power or Wisdom add  
Fresh features to a life, so munificent and glad ?

Can even uncreated Love, ye angels ! give a  
hue  
Which can ever make the Unchanging and  
Unchangeable look new ?

The Mercy of the Merciful is equal to Their  
Might,  
As wondrous as Their Love, and as Their  
Wisdom bright !  
As They, who out of nothing called creation  
at the first,  
In everlasting purposes Their own design had  
nursed,—  
As They, who in their solitude, Three Per-  
sons, once abode,  
Vouchsafed of Their abundance to become  
creation's God,—  
What They owed not to Themselves They  
stooped to owe to man,  
And pledged Their glory to him, in an unim-  
aginable plan.

See ! deep within the glowing depth of that  
Eternal Light.  
What change hath come, what vision new  
transports angelic sight ?  
A creature can it be, in uncreated bliss ?  
A novelty in God ? Oh what nameless thing  
is this ?

The beauty of the Father's Power is o'er it  
brightly shed,  
The sweetness of the Spirit's Love is unction  
on its head ;  
In the wisdom of the Son it plays its won-  
drous part,  
While it lives the loving life of a real Human  
heart !

A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of  
red blood,  
A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon  
for food !

In the brightness of the Godhead is its mar-  
vellous abode,  
A change in the Unchanging, creation touch-  
ing God !

Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that  
Vision gaze,  
Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worship-  
ful amaze,  
And adore, while with ecstatic skill the Three  
in One ye scan,  
The Mercy that hath planted there that bles-  
sed Heart of Man !

All tranquilly, all tranquilly, doth that Blissful  
Vision last,  
And Its brightness o'er immortalized creation  
will it cast ;

Ungrowing and untaking, Its pure Essence  
doth it keep,  
In the deepest of those depths where all are  
infinitely deep;  
Unchanging and Unchangeable as It hath  
ever been,  
As It was before that Human heart was there  
by angels seen,  
So is it at this very hour, so will it ever be,  
With that Human Heart within It, beating hot  
with love of me !

## CHORUS :

Myriad, myriad angels raise  
Happy hymns of wondering praise,  
Ever through eternal days,  
Before the Holy Trinity,  
One Undivided Three !







## PART THIRD.

### **The Faith, and the Spiritual Life.**

---

#### **THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION.**

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!  
God of might and power!  
Thou Thyself art dwelling  
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,  
Heaven is all too strait  
For Thine endless glory,  
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining  
Of the furthest star,  
Thou art ever stretching  
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children  
Hold what worlds cannot,  
And the God of wonders  
Loves the lowly spot.

As men to their gardens  
Go to seek sweet flowers,  
In our hearts dear Jesus  
Seeks them at all hours.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour !  
Thou art in us now ;  
Fill us full of goodness,  
'Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us  
That to heaven shall rise ;  
Sing the song that angels  
Sing above the skies.

Multiply our graces,  
Chiefly love and fear,  
And, dear Lord ! the chiefest--  
Grace to persevere.

Oh, how can we thank Thee  
For a gift like this,  
Gift that truly maketh  
Heaven's eternal bliss ?

Ah ! when wilt Thou always  
Make our hearts thy home ?  
We must wait for heaven,—  
Then the day will come.

Now at least we'll keep Thee  
All the time we may ;  
But Thy grace and blessing  
We will keep alway.

---

### LONGING FOR GOD.

How gently flow the silent years,  
The seasons one by one ;  
How sweet to feel, each month that goes  
That life must soon be done !

O weary ways of earth and men !  
O self more weary still !  
How vainly do you vex the heart  
That none but God can fill !

It is not weariness of life  
That makes us wish to die ;  
But we are drawn by cords which come  
From out eternity.

Eye has not seen, ear has not heard,  
No heart of man can tell,  
The store of joys God has prepared  
For those who love him well.

Oh may those joys one day be ours,  
Upon that happy shore !  
And yet those joys are not enough—  
We crave for something more.

The world's unkindness grows with life,  
And troubles never cease ;  
'Twere lawful then to wish to die,  
Simply to be at peace.

Yes ! peace is something more than joy,  
Even the joys above ;  
For peace, of all created things,  
Is likest Him we love.

But not for joy nor yet for peace,  
Dare we desire to die ;  
God's will on earth is always joy,  
Always tranquillity.

To die, that we might sin no more,  
Were scarce a hero's prayer;  
And glory grows as grace matures,  
And patience loves to bear.

And yet we long and long to die,  
We covet to be free,  
Not for Thy great rewards, O God!  
Not for Thy peace—but Thee.

But call not this a selfish love,  
A turning from the fight;  
And tell us not for others' sakes,  
To doubt if this be right.

Ah, leave us, then, at peace, to greet  
Each waxing, waning moon,  
Whose silver light seems aye to say—  
Soon, exile spirit! soon

---

EVENING HYMN.

Sweet Saviour! bless us ere we go;  
Thy word into our minds instil;  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

The day is done ; its hours have run ;  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord ! from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us more than in past days  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

Do more than pardon, give us joy,  
Sweet fear and sober liberty,  
And loving hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,  
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;  
Let not our works with self be soiled,  
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful,—unto Thee we call ;

Oh let Thy mercy make us glad ;  
Thou art our Jesus and our All.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

---

## THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

The thought of God, the thought of Thee,  
Who liest in my heart,  
And yet beyond imagined space  
Outstretched and present art,—  
The thought of Thee, above, below,  
Around me and within,  
Is more to me than health and wealth,  
Or love of kith and kin.

The thought of God is like the tree  
Beneath whose shade I lie,  
And watch the fleets of snowy clouds  
Sail o'er the silent sky.

'Tis like that soft invading light,  
Which in all darkness shines,  
The thread that through life's sombre web  
In golden pattern twines.

It is a thought which ever makes  
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,  
And is a daybreak to our hopes.  
A sunset to our fears;

One while it bids the tears to flow,  
Then wipes them from the eyes,  
Most often fills our souls with joy,  
And always sanctifies.

Within a thought so great, our souls  
Little and modest grow,  
And, by its vastness awed, we learn  
The art of walking slow.

The wild flower on the mossy ground  
Scarce bends its pliant form,  
When overhead the autumnal wood  
Is thundering like a storm.

So is it with our humbled souls  
Down in the thought of God,  
Scarce conscious in their sober peace  
Of the wild storms abroad.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,  
And is outspoken praise;  
And pain can even passive thoughts  
To actual worship raise.

O Lord ! I live always in pain,  
My life's sad undersong,  
Pain in itself not hard to bear,  
But hard to bear so long.

Little sometimes weighs more than much,  
When it has no relief;  
A joyless life is worse to bear  
Than one of active grief.

And yet, O Lord ! a suffering life  
One grand ascent may dare;  
Penance, not self-imposed, can make  
The whole of life a prayer.

All murmurs lie inside Thy Will  
Which are to Thee addressed;  
To suffer for Thee is our work,  
To think of Thee our rest.

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### THE FEAR OF GOD.

My fear of Thee, O Lord, exults  
Like life within my veins,  
A fear which rightly claims to be  
One of love's sacred pains.

Thy goodness to Thy saints of old  
An awful thing appeared;  
For were Thy majesty less good  
Much less would it be feared.

There is no joy the soul can meet  
Upon life's various road  
Like the sweet fear that sits and shrinks  
Under the eye of God.

A special joy is in all love  
For objects we revere ;  
Thus joy in God will always be  
Proportioned to our fear.

Oh Thou art greatly to be feared,  
Thou art so prompt to bless !  
The dread to miss such love as Thine  
Makes fear but love's excess.

The fulness of Thy mercy seems  
To fill both land and sea ;  
If we can break through bounds so vast,  
How exiled shall we be !

For grace is fearful, which each hour  
Our path in life has crossed ;  
If it were rarer, it might be  
Less easy to be lost.

But fear is love, and love is fear,  
And in and out they move ;  
But fear is an intenser joy  
Than mere unfrightened love.

When most I fear Thee, Lord ! then most  
Familiar I appear ;  
And I am in my soul most free,  
When I am most in fear.

I should not love Thee as I do,  
If love might make more free ;

Its very sweetness would be lost  
In greater liberty.

I feel Thee most a father, when  
I fancy Thee most near :  
And Thou comest not so nigh in love  
As Thou comest, Lord ! in fear.

They love Thee little, if at all,  
Who do not fear Thee much ;  
If love is Thine attraction, Lord !  
Fear is Thy very touch.

Love could not love Thee half so much  
If it found Thee not so near ;  
It is thy nearness, which makes love  
The perfectness of fear.

We fear because Thou art so good,  
And because we can sin ;  
And when we make most show of love,  
We are trembling most within.

And Father ! when to us in heaven  
Thou shalt Thy Face unveil,  
Then more than ever will our souls  
Before Thy goodness quail.

Our blessedness will be to bear  
The sight of Thee so near,  
And thus eternal love will be  
But the ecstasy of fear.

### PEEVISHNESS.

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O God! that I could be with Thee,  
Alone by some sea shore,  
And hear Thy soundless voice within,  
And the outward waters roar.

The cold wet wind would seem to wash,  
The world from off my brow:  
And I should feel amidst the storm  
That none were near but Thou.

Each wave that broke upon the rocks  
Would seem to break on me;  
And he who stands an outward shock  
Gains inward liberty.

Upon the wings of wild sea-birds,  
My dark thoughts would I lay,  
And let them bear them out to sea,  
In the tempest far away.

For life has grown a simple weight;  
Each effort seems a fall;  
And all things weary me on earth,  
But good things most of all.

And I am deadly sick of men,  
From shame and not from pride ;  
My love of souls, my joy in saints,  
Are blossoms that have died.

It seems as if I loathed the earth,  
And yet craved not for heaven,  
But for another nature longed,  
Not that which Thou hast given.

For goodness all ignoble seems,  
Ungenerous and small,  
And the holy are so wearisome,  
Their very virtues pall.

Alas ! this peevishness with good  
Is want of love of God ;  
Unloving thoughts within distort  
The look of things abroad.

The discord is within, which jars  
So sadly in life's song :  
Tis we, not they, who are in fault,  
When others seem so wrong.

Tis we who weigh upon ourselves ;  
Self is the irksome weight :  
To those, who can see straight themselves,  
All things look always straight.

My God ! with what surpassing love  
Thou lovest all on earth,  
How good the least good is to Thee,  
How much each soul is worth !

I seem to think if I could spend  
One hour alone with Thee,  
My human heart would come again  
From Thy Divinity.

And yet I cannot build a cell  
For Thee within my heart,  
And meet Thee, as Thy chosen do,  
Where Thou most truly art.

The bright examples round me seem  
My dazzled eyes to hurt ;  
Thy beauty, which they should reflect,  
They dwindle and invert.

Therefore I crave for scenes which might  
My fetter'd thoughts unbind,  
And where the elements might be  
Like scapegoats to my mind,

Where all things round should loudly tell,  
Storm, rocks, seabirds, and sea,  
Not of Thy worship, but much more,  
And only, Lord ! of Thee.

## PREDESTINATION.

Father and God ! my endless doom  
Is hidden in Thy Hand,  
And I shall know not what it is  
Till at Thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed  
For me in Thy dread Will ;  
I in my helpless ignorance  
Must tremble and lie still.

All light is darkness, when I think  
Of what may be my fate ;  
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach  
Both faith and love to wait.

A little strife of flesh and soul,  
A single word from Thee,  
And in a moment I possess  
A fixed eternity :—

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed !  
Oh at this silent hour  
The thought of what is possible  
Comes with terrific power :

As though into some awful depth  
Rash hands had flung a stone,  
And still the frightening echoes grow,  
As it goes sounding on.

My fears adore Thee, O my God !  
My heart is chilled with awe ;  
Yet love from out that very chill  
Fresh life and heat can draw.

Thou owest me no duties, Lord !  
Thy Being hath no ties ;  
The world lies open to Thy Will,  
Its victim and its prize.

Father ! Thy power is merciful  
To us poor worms below,  
Not bound by justice, but because  
Thyself hath willed it so.

The fallen creature hath no rights,  
No voice in Thy decrees ;  
Yet while Thy glory owns no claims,  
Thy love makes promises.

Thou mayest have willed that I should die  
In friendship, Lord ! with Thee,  
Or I may in the act of sin  
Touch on eternity.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord !  
For Thou art God alone ?  
My soul is safer in Thy hands,  
Father ! than in my own.

I worship Thee with breathless fears ;  
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt ;  
The worst Thine anger hath in store  
Is far below my guilt.

O fearful thought ! one act of sin  
Within itself contains  
The power of endless hate of God,  
And everlasting pains.

For me to do such act I know  
How slight a change I need,  
Yet know not if restraining grace  
For me hath been decreed.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord ?  
That trust my heart will cheer ;  
And love must learn to live abashed  
Beneath continual fear.

That Thou art God is my one joy ;  
Whate'er Thy Will may be,  
Thy glory will be magnified  
In Thy last doom of me.

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### THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battlefield of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,  
In our mysterious creed,  
Than in the godless look of earth,  
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways  
Love's lifelong study are ;  
She can be bold, and guess, and act,  
Wher reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own ;  
Her step is firm and free ;  
Yet there is cautious science too  
In her simplicity.

Workmen of God ! Oh lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battlefield  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God ;  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,  
And, of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave  
From what men reckon shame,  
In His own world He is content  
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul !  
Muse and take better heart ;  
Back with thine angel to the field,  
And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed, where we  
Our anxious hearts may lay,  
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep  
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God ;  
And right the day must win ;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.

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## DESIRE OF GOD.

Oh for freedom, for freedom in worshipping  
God,  
For the mountain-top feeling of generous  
souls,  
For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep  
and broad,  
Where grace not in rills but in cataracts rolls !  
Most good is the brisk wholesome service of  
fear,  
And the calm wise obedience of conscience is  
sweet ;  
And good are all worships, all loyalties dear,  
All promptitudes fitting, all services meet.  
But none honours God like the thirst of  
desire, .  
Nor possesses the heart so completely with  
Him ;  
For it burns the world out with the swift ease  
of fire,  
And fills life with good works till it runs o'er  
the brim.  
'Then pray for desire, for love's wistfullest  
yearning,  
For the beautiful pining of holy desire ;

Yes, pray for a soul that is ceaselessly burning  
With the soft fragrant flames of this thrice  
happy fire.

For the heart only dwells, truly dwells with  
its treasure,  
And the languor of love captive hearts can  
unfetter ;  
And they who love God cannot love Him by  
measure,  
For their love is but hunger to love Him still  
better.

Is it hard to serve God, timid soul ? Hast  
thou found  
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on  
thy way ?  
All the hard would be easy, all the tangles  
unwound,  
Wouldst thou only desire, as well as obey.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills ;  
Many thousands through it the dark pathway  
have trod,  
The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills  
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.

Tis a fire that will burn what thou canst not  
pass over ;  
'Tis a lightning that breaks away all bars to  
love ;  
'Tis a sunbeam the secrets of God to discover ;  
'Tis the wing David prayed for, the wing of  
the Dove.

I have seen living men—and their good angels  
know  
How they failed and fell short through the  
want of desire :  
Souls once almost saints have descended so  
low,  
Twill be much if their wings bear them over  
the fire.

I have seen dying men not so grand in their  
dying  
As our love would have wished,—and through  
lack of desire :  
Oh that we may die languishing, burning, and  
sighing ;  
For God's last grace and best is to die all  
on fire.

'Tis a great gift of God to live after our Lord.  
Yet the old Hebrew times they were ages of  
fire.

When fainting souls fed on each dim figured word,  
And God called men He loved most—the Men of Desire.

Oh then wish more for God, burn more with desire,  
Covet more the dear sight of his marvellous Face ;  
Pray louder, pray longer, for the sweet gift of fire  
To come down on thy heart with its whirlwinds of grace.

Yes, pine for thy God, fainting soul ! ever pine ;  
Oh languish mid all that life brings thee of mirth ;  
Famished, thirsty, and restless,—let such life be thine,—  
For what sight is to heaven, desire is to earth.

God loves to be longed for, He loves to be sought,  
For He sought us Himself with such longing and love :  
He died for desire of us, marvellous thought !  
And He yearns for us now to be with Him above.

SCHOOL HYMN

O Jesus ! God and Man !  
For love of children once a child !

O Jesus ! God and Man !  
We hail Thee Saviour sweet and mild.

O Jesus ! God and Man !  
Make us poor children dear to Thee,  
And lead us to Thyself,  
To love Thee for eternity.

O Jesus ! God's dear Son !  
On Thee for grace we children call ;  
Make us all men to love,  
But to love Thee beyond them all.

O Jesus ! bless our work,  
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive ;

O happy, happy they  
Who in the Church of Jesus live !

O God, most great and good,  
At work or play, by night or day,  
Make us remember Thee,  
Who so rememberest us alway.

## THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

I was wandering and weary  
When my Saviour came unto me ;  
For the ways of sin grew dreary,  
And the world had ceased to woo me :  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along His way,  
O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,  
And put off till the morrow ;  
But life began to darken,  
And I was sick with sorrow ;  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along His way,  
Oh silly souls ! come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

At last I stopped to listen,  
His voice could not deceive me ;  
I saw His kind eyes glisten,  
So anxious to relieve me :  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along His way,

Oh silly souls ! come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

He took me on His shoulder,  
And tenderly He kissed me ;  
He bade my love be bolder,  
And said how He had missed me ;  
And I'm sure I heard Him say,  
As He went along His way,  
O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

Strange gladness seemed to move Him,  
Whenever I did better ;  
And he coaxed me so to love Him,  
As if He was my debtor ;  
And I always heard Him say,  
As He went along His way,  
O silly souls ! come near me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

I thought His love would weaken,  
As more and more He knew me ;  
But it burneth like a beacon ;  
And its light and heat go through me ;  
And I ever hear Him say,  
As He goes along His way,

O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
 My sheep should never fear Me.  
 I am the Shepherd true.

Let us do then, dearest brothers !  
 What will best and longest please us,  
 Follow not the ways of others,  
 But trust ourselves to Jesus ;  
 We shall ever hear Him say,  
 As He goes along His way,  
 O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
 My sheep should never fear Me ;  
 I am the Shepherd true.

## COME TO JESUS.

Souls of men ! why will ye scatter  
 Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?  
 Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander  
 From a love so true and deep ?

Was there ever kindest shepherd  
 Half so gentle, half so sweet  
 As the Saviour who would have us  
 Come and gather round His Feet ?

It is God : His love looks mighty,  
 But is mightier than it seems :  
 'Tis our Father : and His fondness  
 Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea :  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven ;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good ;  
There is mercy with the Saviour ;  
There is healing in His Blood.

There is grace enough for thousands  
Of new worlds as great as this ;  
There is room for fresh creations  
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind ;  
And the Heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow  
By false limits of our own ;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption  
In the Blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus;  
It is something more than all;  
Greater good because of evil,  
Larger mercy through the fall.

Pining Souls! come nearer Jesus,  
And oh come not doubting thus,  
But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

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### INVITATION TO THE MISSION.

Oh come to the merciful Saviour who calls  
you,  
O come to the Lord who forgives and for-  
gets;  
Though dark be the fortune on earth that  
befalls you,  
There's a bright home above where the sun  
never sets

O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended  
To fold His dear children in closest embrace ;  
Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,  
And Jesus will show you His beautiful Face.

Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows  
brighter  
The longer you look at the depths of His  
love ;  
And fear not ! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow  
lighter,  
As you think of the home and the glory  
above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world  
have before you ?  
Are you blacker than all other creatures in  
guilt ?  
Oh fear not, and doubt not ! the mother who  
bore you  
Loves you less than the Saviour whose Blood  
you have spilt.

O come then to Jesus, and say how you love  
Him,  
And vow at His feet you will keep in His  
grace ;

For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move  
    Him,  
And your sins will drop off in His tender  
    embrace.

Come, come to his feet and lay open your story  
    Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of  
    shame;

For the pardon of sin is the crown of His  
    glory,  
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His  
    Name.

Come quickly to Jesus for graces and pardons,  
    Come now, for who needs not His mercy and  
    love ?

Believe me, dear children, that England's fair  
    gardens  
Are dull to the bright land that waits you  
    above.

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#### THE WAGES OF SIN.

Oh what are the wages of sin,  
    The end of the race we have run ?  
We have slaved for the master we chose,  
    And what is the prize we have won ?

We gave away all things for him,  
And in truth it was much that was given,--  
We gave away Jesus and God,  
And the chance of our getting to heaven

We are worn out and weary with sin;  
Its pleasures are poor at the best;  
For what we remember, not worth  
Half an hour of a conscience at rest.

For sin in the hand is not like  
The bright thing it looked to the eye:  
Its taste is still worse than its touch;  
Yet we swallow the poison and die.

Oh fools that we were! can we now  
Break off the bad bargain we made?  
And is there a way to get back  
The rash price we already have paid?

Oh yes! we have got but to send  
One word or one sigh up to heaven,  
The mischief will all be undone,  
And the past be completely forgiven.

Jesus is just what He was,  
On the Cross, as we left Him before,  
All gentleness, mercy, and love,  
Nay, His love and His mercy look more.

We will back with our hearts in our hands,  
For the heart is His one only fee ;  
Forgive us, dear Jesus, forgive,  
All we want is forgiveness from Thee

---

## A GOOD CONFESSION.

The chains that have bound me are flung to  
the wind,  
By the mercy of God the poor slave is set  
free ;  
And the strong grace of heaven breathes fresh  
o'er the mind,  
Like the bright winds of summer that glad-  
den the sea.

There was nought in God's world half so dark  
or so vile  
As the sin and the bondage that fettered  
my soul ;  
There was nought half so base as the malice  
and guile  
Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's con-  
trol.

For years I have borne about hell in my  
breast ;  
When I thought of my God it was nothing  
but gloom ;

Day brought me no pleasure, night gave me  
no rest,  
There was still the grim shadow of horrible  
doom.

It seemed as if nothing less likely could be  
Than that light should break in on a dun-  
geon so deep;  
To create a new world were less hard than to  
free  
The slave from his bondage, the soul from  
its sleep.

But the word had gone forth, and said, Let  
there be light,  
And it flashed through my soul like a sharp  
passing smart;  
One look to my Saviour, and all the dark night,  
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone  
from my heart.

I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,  
And confessed, while my heart with keen  
sorrow was wrung;  
Twas the labor of minutes, and years of  
disease  
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from  
my tongue.

And now, blest be God and the sweet Lord  
who died !

No deer on the mountain, no bird in the sky,  
No bright wave that leaps on the dark bound-  
ing tide,

Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

All hail, then, all hail, to the dear Precious  
Blood,

That hath worked these sweet wonders of  
mercy in me ;

May each day countless numbers throng down  
to its flood,

And God have His glory, and sinners go  
free.

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#### THE ACT OF CONTRITION.

My God ! who art nothing but mercy and  
kindness,

Ah shut not Thine ear to the penitent's  
prayer ;

'Tis Thy grace that hath cured me, dear Lord,  
of my blindness,

Thy love that hath lifted me up from despair.

Oh cruel, most cruel ! the bondage of evil  
That hath kept me so fast, and hath held  
me so low ;

And fearful the hold, the strong hold of the  
devil,  
And the keen bitter fires of the long hopeless  
woe.

But, O God! by Thy mercy my mind is en  
lightened;  
I feel a new purpose burn strong in my  
heart;  
I come to Thee now like a child scared and  
frightened,  
And I cling to Thy love and will never  
depart.

There is not one evil that sin hath not brought  
me,  
There is not one good that hath come in its  
train;  
It hath cursed me through life, and its sorrows  
have sought me,  
Each day that went by, in want, sickness,  
or pain.

And then, when this life of affliction is ended,  
What a home for my weary heart did it pre-  
pare?  
The anger of Him whom my sins had offended,  
And the night, the sick night of eternal  
despair.

Yes ! death would have come, and its anger  
have torn me  
By force to the judgment where hope could  
not be :  
And the spirit of darkness from thence would  
have borne me  
To unspeakable woes in his wide burning  
sea.

Where the worms and the wails and the lashes  
cease never,  
My poor ruined soul would have sickened  
of fire,  
And I should be tortured for ever and ever,  
But the pains of eternity never would tire.

The corn-field all trampled to mud by the  
cattle,  
The house whose scorched walls have been  
blackened by fire,—  
Ah ! such was my soul when the desolate  
battle  
Of sin raged within it, and sinful desire.

But away, mortal sin ! by the help of my God,  
From thy false poisoned fruits I will firmly  
refrain ;

I have vowed, mortal sin ! I have manfully  
vowed,

I will touch thee not, taste thee not ever  
again.

I abjure the dark spirit who fondles yet hates  
me,

I abjure mortal sin, the black gift he hath  
given ;

I hate it for fear of the fire that awaits me,  
I hate it for hope of God's beautiful heaven.

I hate it because the dear Lord that would  
ease us

Sweated blood when He thought of the  
horror of sin ;

I hate it because it had crucified Jesus,  
Who hath done all He can the worst sinners  
to win.

And I swear to Thee—yes, dearest Jesus ! Oh  
let me,

In the strength of Thy grace, swear an oath  
unto Thee,

No sin ! never more ! if Thou wilt not forget  
me,

But in Thy sweet mercy have mercy on me

**CONVERSION.**

O Faith ! thou workest miracles  
Upon the hearts of men,  
Choosing thy home in those same hearts  
We know not how nor when.

To one thy grave unearthly truths  
A heavenly vision seem ;  
While to another's eye they are  
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look  
So naturally true,  
That when he learns the lesson first  
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths  
No light or heat can bring ;  
They are but puzzling phrases strung  
Like beads upon a string.

O gift of gifts ! O grace of Faith !  
My God ! how can it be  
That Thou, who hast discerning love,  
Shouldst give that gift to me ?

There was a place, there was a time,  
Whether by night or day,  
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,  
And went upon His way.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had  
More innocent than mine,  
How many souls more worthy far  
Of that sweet touch of Thine !

Ah grace ! into unlikeliest hearts  
It is thy boast to come,  
The glory of thy light to find  
In darkest spots a home.

How can they live, how will they die,  
How bear the cross of grief,  
Who have not got the light of faith,  
The courage of belief ?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,  
Seem trifles less than light ;  
Earth looks so little and so low,  
When faith shines full and bright.

Oh happy, happy that I am !  
If thou canst be, O Faith,  
The treasure that thou art in life,  
What wilt thou be in death ?

**THE WORK OF GRACE.**

How the light of heaven is stealing,  
Gently o'er the trembling soul ;  
And the shades of bitter feeling  
From the lightened spirit roll.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling !

Fairer than the pearly morning  
Comes the softly struggling ray :  
Ah, it is the very dawning  
That precedes eternal day.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling.

See the tears, the blessed trouble,  
Doubts and fears, and hopes and smiles !  
How the guilt of sin seems double,  
And how plain are Satan's wiles !  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling !

Now the light is growing brighter,  
Fear of hell, and hate of sin ;  
Another flash ! the heart is lighter ;  
Love of God hath entered in.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling.

Now upon the favourite passion  
Falls a steady ray of grace ;  
And the lights of world and fashion  
In the new light fade apace.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling.

See ! more light ! the spirit tingles  
With contrition's piercing dart ;—  
More,—and love divinely mingles  
Ease and gladness with the smart.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling !

Free ! free ! the joyous light of heaven  
Comes with full and fair release ;—  
O God, what light ! all sin forgiven,  
Jesus, mercy, love, and peace.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling !

---

### FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES

O do you hear that voice from heaven,—  
Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.  
Softly on every wind that blows  
Through the wide earth the promise goes,  
Absolving sin and opening heaven,  
For we forgive and are forgiven.

Yes, we, dear Lord ! Thy voice can tell ;  
 That gentle voice, we know it well ;  
 Yet never was it sweet and clear  
 As now when we this promise hear,—  
 Poor souls ! who sadly doubt of heaven,  
 Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

Sweet Faith ! and can this pledge be true ?  
 And is the duty hard to do ?  
 No one, dear Lord ! hath done to me  
 Such wrong as I have done to Thee.  
 Why should not all men go to heaven ?  
 They who forgive will be forgiven.

Thine offers, earth ! to this are dull,—  
 Full mercy to the merciful :—  
 O joy to every soul that lives !  
 Such beautiful bright words He gives,  
 Whose royal promise cheapens heaven,—  
 Forgive, and you shall be forgiven.

Then listen to us, Jesus, Lord !  
 See how we take Thee at Thy word :  
 Oh as we hope with Thee to live,  
 So from our hearts do we forgive ;  
 And from this hour we do not know  
 The thought, the thing men mean by foe.

Yes ! saved and saints we all will be ;  
 All of us, Lord ! will come to Thee ;

Dear heaven ! the work for thee is done,—  
How easily, how sweetly won !  
Yes ! thou art ours, eternal heaven !  
For we forgave, and are forgiven.

---

## THE WORLD.

O Jesus ! if in days gone by  
My heart hath loved the world too well,  
It needs more love for love of Thee  
To bid this cherished world farewell.

And yet I can rejoice there are  
So many things on earth to love,  
So many idols for the fire,  
My love and loyal change to prove.

He that loves most hath most to lose,  
And willing loss is love's best prize ;  
The more that Yesterday hath loved  
The more To-day can sacrifice.

O Earth ! thou art too beautiful,  
And thou, dear Home ! thou art too sweet,  
The winning ways of flesh and blood  
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet.

The woods and flowers, and running streams,  
The sunshine of the common skies,  
The round of household peace—what heart  
But owns the might of these dear ties ?

The sweetness of known faces is  
A couch where weary souls repose ;  
Known voices are as David's harp  
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

And yet, bright World ! thou art not wise ;  
Oh no ! enchantress though thou art,  
Thou art not skilful in thy way  
Of dealing with a weary heart.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,  
I might have been thy servant still ;  
But slighted love and broken faith,  
Poor world ! these are beyond thy skill.

Oh bless thee, bless thee, treacherous World !  
That thou dost play so false a part,  
And drive, like sheep into the fold,  
Our loves into our Saviour's Heart.

This have I leaned upon, sweet Lord !  
This world hath had Thy rightful place ;  
But come, dear jealous King of love !  
Come, and begin Thy reign of grace.

Banish far from me all I love,  
The smiles of friends, the old fireside,  
And drive me to that home of homes,  
The Heart of Jesus Crucified.

Take all the light away from earth,  
Take all that men can love from me ;  
Let all I lean upon give way,  
That I may lean on nought but Thee.

---

THE END OF MAN.

I come to Thee once more, my God !  
No longer will I roam ;  
For I have sought the wide world through,  
And never found a home.

Though bright and many are the spots  
Where I have built a nest,  
Yet in the brightest still I pined  
For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,  
And they were fair to see ;  
Yet gold was but a sorry god  
To serve instead of Thee.

Then honour and the world's good word  
Appeared a nobler faith ;  
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung  
And trembled on a breath ?

The pleasure of the passing hour  
My spirit next could wile ;  
But soon, full soon my heart fell sick  
Of pleasure's weary smile.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health,  
The flush of manhood's power ;  
But then it came and went so quick,  
It was but for an hour.

And thus a not unkindly world  
Hath done its best for me ;  
Yet I have found, O God ! no rest,  
No harbour short of Thee.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul  
All for Thyself alone ;  
Ah ! send Thy sweet transforming grace  
To make it more Thine own.

---

THE REMEMBRANCE OF MERCY.

Why art thou sorrowful, servant of God ?  
And what is this dulness that hangs o'er  
thee now ?  
Sing the praises of Jesus, and sing them  
aloud,  
And the song shall dispel the dark cloud  
from thy brow.

For is there a thought in the wide world so  
sweet,  
As that God has so cared for us, bad as  
we are,  
That He thinks of us, plans for us, stoops to  
entreat,  
And follows us, wander we ever so far ?

Then how can the heart e'er be drooping or  
sad,  
Which God hath once touched with the  
light of His grace ?  
Can the child have a doubt who but lately  
hath laid  
Himself to repose in his father's embrace ?

And is it not wonderful, servant of God !  
That He should have honoured us so with  
His love.

That the sorrows of life should but shorten  
the road  
Which leads to Himself and the mansion  
above?

Oh then when the spirit of darkness comes  
down  
With clouds and uncertainties into thy  
heart,  
One look to thy Saviour, one thought of thy  
crown,  
And the tempest is over, the shadows de-  
part.

That God hath once whispered a word in  
thine ear,  
• Or sent thee from heaven one sorrow for  
sin,  
Is enough for a life both to banish all fear,  
And to turn into peace all the troubles  
within.

The schoolmen can teach thee far less  
about heaven,  
Of the height of God's power, or the depth  
of His love,  
Than the fire in thy heart when thy sin was  
forgiven,  
Or the light that one mercy brings down  
from above.

Then why dost thou weep so? For see how  
time flies,  
The time that for loving and praising was  
given!  
Away with thee, child, then, and hide thy red  
eyes  
In the lap, the kind lap, of thy Father in  
heaven.

---

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG ON HIS  
MARCH TO HEAVEN.

Blest is the Faith, divine and strong,  
Of thanks and praise an endless fountain,  
Whose life is one perpetual song,  
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

Blest is the Hope that holds to God  
In doubt and darkness still unskaken,  
And sings along the heavenly road,  
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.

Blest is the Love that cannot love  
Aught that earth gives of best and brightest;  
Whose raptures thrill like saints' above,  
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

Blest is the Time that in the eye  
Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,  
And grows into eternity,  
Like noiseless trees, when men are sleeping

## FIGHT FOR SION.

Now first for thee, thou wicked world,  
Puffed up with godless pomp and pageant;  
Avenging grace to humble thee  
Can make the weakest arm its agent.

And thou, dark fiend, six thousand years  
The Bride of Christ in vain tormenting,  
Shall find our hate and scorn of thee  
Deep as thine own, and unrelenting.

Ah self! so oft forgiven, thou  
Canst play no part but that of traitor;  
We spare thy life: but thou must bear  
The felon's brand, the captive's fetter.

But worse than devil, flesh, or world,  
Human respect, like poison creeping,  
Chills and unnerves the hosts of Christ,  
When weary war-worn hearts are sleeping

Like lions roaring for their prey,  
Armies of foes are round us trooping:  
What then? see! countless angels come  
To heal the hurt, to raise the drooping.

Then bravely, comrades, to the fight,  
With shout and song each other cheering ;  
Strength not our own from heaven descends,  
The sun breaks out, the clouds are clearing.  
On to the gates of Sion, on !  
Break through the foe with fresh endeavour  
We'll hang our colours up in heaven,  
When peace shall be proclaimed for ever.

## PERFECTION.

Oh how the thought of God attracts  
And draws the heart from earth,  
And sickens it of passing shows  
And dissipating mirth !

'Tis not enough to save our souls,  
To shun the eternal fires ;  
The thought of God will rouse the heart  
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,  
Though rough and straight the road ;  
Yet nothing less can satisfy  
The love that longs for God.

Oh utter but the Name of God  
Down in your heart of hearts,  
And see how from the world at once  
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,  
Can win their way above ;  
If mountains can be moved by faith,  
Is there less power in love ?

How little of that road, my soul !  
How little hast thou gone !  
Take heart, and let the thought of God  
Allure thee further on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,  
The Christian's daily task,—  
Oh these are graces far below  
What longing love would ask !

Dole not thy duties out to God,  
But let thy hand be free :  
Look long at Jesus ; His sweet Blood,  
How was it dealt to thee ?

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;  
It is not hard to love ;  
If thou wert sick for want of God,  
How swiftly wouldest thou move !

Then keep thy conscience sensitive ;  
No inward token miss :  
And go where grace entices thee ;—  
Perfection lies in this.

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,  
Love Him as He loves thee ;  
Time and obedience are enough,  
And thou a saint shall be.

---

## THE GIFTS OF GOD.

My Soul! what hast thou done for God ?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;  
Sum up what thou hast done for God,  
And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when He might have made  
A soul that would have loved Him more :  
He rescued thee from nothingness,  
And set thee on life's happy shore.

He placed an angel at thy side,  
And strewed joys round thee on thy way ;  
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,  
And life, free life, before thee lay.

Had God in heaven no work to do  
But miracles of love for thee ?  
No world to rule, no joy in Self,  
And in His own infinity ?

So must it seem to our blind eyes :  
He gave His love no sabbath rest,  
Still plotting happiness for men,  
And new designs to make them blest

From out His glorious Bosom came  
His only, His Eternal Son ;  
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,  
And with His Blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against His love :  
New love the vile rebellion met,  
As though God only looked at sin  
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For His Eternal Spirit came  
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,  
And with the sevenfold gifts of love  
To crown His own elected ones.

Men spurned His grace ; their lips blasphemed  
The Love who made Himself their slave ;  
They grieved that blessed Comforter  
And turned against Him what He gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,  
The moon still beautiful by night ;  
The world goes round, and joy with it,  
And life, free life is men's delight.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,  
No hand put forth His anger tells ;  
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,  
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come ; and maddened sin  
The world's Creator crucified ;  
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men  
His presence doubt, His gifts deride.

And now the Father keeps Himself,  
In patient and forbearing love,  
To be His creature's heritage  
In that undying life above.

Oh wonderful, oh passing thought,  
The love that God hath had for thee,  
Spending on thee no less a sum  
Than the Undivided Trinity !

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Exhausted for a thing like this,—  
The world's whole government disposed  
For one ungrateful creature's bliss !

What hast thou done for God my soul ?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ,  
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,  
Cry for His mercy upon thee.

**TRUE LOVE.**

Think well how Jesus trusts Himself  
Unto our childish love,  
As though by His free ways with us  
Our earnestness to prove.

God gives Himself as Mary's Babe  
To sinners' trembling arms,  
And veils His everlasting light  
In childhood's feeble charms.

His sacred Name a common word  
On earth He loves to hear;  
There is no majesty in Him  
Which love may not come near.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,  
Helpless as babe can be;  
His love seems very foolishness  
For its simplicity.

The light of love is round His feet,  
His paths are never dim;  
And He comes nigh to us when we  
Dare not come nigh to Him.

Let us be simple with Him then,  
Not backward, stiff, or cold,  
As though our Bethlehem could be  
What Sina was of old.

His love of us may teach us how  
To love Him in return ;  
Love cannot help but grow more free  
The more its transports burn.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,  
The words constrained and cold,—  
These are the homage, poor at best,  
Of those outside the fold.

They know not how our God can play  
The Babe's, the Brother's part ;  
They dream not of the ways He has  
Of getting at the heart.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,  
Yet they dare not come near ;  
They cannot know in their blind place  
The love that casts out fear.

In lowest depths of littleness  
God sinks to gain our love ;  
They put away the sign in fear,  
And our free ways reprove.

Would that they knew what Jesus was,  
And what untold abyss  
Lies in love's simple forwardness  
Of more than earthly bliss !

Would that they knew what faith can work,  
What Sacraments can do,  
What simple love is like, on fire  
In hearts absolved and true !

They cannot tell how Jesus oft  
His secret thirst will slake  
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts  
Are taught by God to take.

Poor souls ! they know not how to love ;  
They feel not Jesus near ;  
And they who know not how to love  
Still less know how to fear.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word  
They have not faith to face ;  
And how shall they who have not faith  
Attain love's better grace ?

The awe that lies too deep for words,  
Too deep for solemn looks,—  
It finds no way into the face,  
No written vent in books.

They would not speak in measured tones  
If love had in them wrought  
Until their spirits had been hushed  
In reverential thought.

They would have smiled in harmless ways  
To ease their fevered heart,  
And learned with other simple souls  
To play love's crafty part.

They would have run away from God  
For their own vileness' sake,  
And feared lest some interior light  
From tell-tale eyes should break.

They know not how the outward smile  
The inward awe can prove ;  
They fathom not the creature's fear  
Of Uncreated Love.

The majesty of God ne'er broke  
On them like fire at night,  
Flooding their stricken souls, while they  
Lay trembling in the light.

They love not; for they have not kissed  
The Saviour's outer hem :  
They fear not; for the Living God  
Is yet unknown to them.

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## SELF-LOVE.

"Christ did not please Himself."—*Romans, xv. 3.*

Oh I could go through all life's troubles singing,

Turning earth's night to day,  
If self were not so fast around me, clinging  
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building  
Mean castles in the air;

I use my love of others for a shield  
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging  
My merit or my blame;

Its warmest praise seems an ungracious  
ing.

Of praise which I might claim.

In youth or age, by city, wood, or mountain,  
Self is forgotten never;

Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,  
And its waters flow for ever.

Alas! no speed in life can snatch us wholly  
Out of self's hateful sight;  
And it keeps step, whene'er we travel slowly,  
And sleeps with us at night.

No grief's sharp knife, no pain's most crue  
sawing

Self and the soul can sever :  
The surface, that in joy sometimes seem:  
thawing,  
Soon freezes worse than ever.

Thus we are never men, self's wretched  
swathing

Not letting virtue swell ;  
Thus is our whole life numbed, for ever  
bathing  
Within this frozen well.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching  
Over all time and space,  
How have I run from thee, yet found thee  
reaching  
The goal in every race.

Inevitable self ! vile imitation  
Of universal light,—

Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation  
Of God's exclusive right !

The opiate balms of grace may haply still  
thee,  
Deep in my nature lying ;  
For I may hardly hope, alas ! to kill thee,  
Save by the act of dying.

O Lord ! that I could waste my life for others,  
With no ends of my own,  
That I could pour myself into my brothers,  
And live for them alone !

Such was the life Thou livedst ; self abjuring,  
Thine own pains never easing,  
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,  
A life without self-pleasing !

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### HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O God ! whose thoughts are brightest light.  
Whose love always runs clear,  
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls  
Amidst their sins are dear !

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart  
With charity like Thine,  
Till self shall be the only spot  
On earth which does not shine.

Hardheartedness dwells not with souls  
Round whom Thine arms are drawn ;  
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,  
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

I often see in my own thoughts,  
When they lie nearest Thee,  
That the worst men I ever knew  
Were better men than me.

And of all truths no other truth  
So true as this one seems ;  
While others' faults, that plainest were,  
Grow indistinct as dreams.

All men look good except ourselves,  
All but ourselves are great ;  
The rays, that make our sins so clear,  
Their faults obliterate.

Things, that appeared undoubted sins,  
Wear little crowns of light ;  
Their dark, remaining darkness still,  
Shames and outshines our bright.

Time was, when I believed that wrong  
In others to detect,  
Was part of genius, and a gift  
To cherish, not reject.

Now better taught by Thee, O Lord  
This truth dawns on my mind,—  
The best effect of heavenly light  
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

Thou art the Unapproached, whose height  
 Enables Thee to stoop,  
 Whose holiness bends undefiled  
 To handle hearts that droop.

He, whom no praise can reach, is aye  
 Men's least attempts approving;  
 Whom justice makes all-merciful,  
 Omniscience makes all-loving.

How Thou canst think so well of us,  
 Yet be the God Thou art,  
 Is darkness to my intellect,  
 But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul ;  
 More grace, O Lord ! more grace !  
 More sweetness from Thy loving Heart,  
 More sunshine from Thy Face !

When we ourselves least kindly are,  
 We deem the world unkind ;  
 Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,  
 Only the poison find.

We paint from self the evil things  
 We think that others are ;  
 While to the self-despising soul  
 All things but self are fair.

Yes, they have caught the way of God,  
To whom self lies displayed  
In such clear vision as to cast  
O'er others' faults a shade.

A bright horizon out at sea  
Obscures the distant ships ;  
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful  
In charity's eclipse.

Love's changeful mood our neighbour's faults  
O'erwhelms with burning ray,  
And in excess of splendour hides  
What is not burned away.

Again, with truth like God's, it shades  
Harsh things with untrue light,  
Like moons that make a fairy-land  
Of fallow fields at night.

Then mercy, Lord ! more mercy still !  
Make me all light within,  
Self-hating and compassionate,  
And blind to others' sin.

I need Thy mercy for my sin ;  
But more than this I need,—  
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul  
For others' sin to bleed.

"Tis not enough to weep my sins;

'Tis but one step to heaven.

When I am kind to others, then

I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world

Of golden ether bright,

A heaven where other souls might float,

Like all Thy worlds, in light.

All bitterness is from ourselves,

All sweetness is from Thee;

Sweet God! for evermore be Thou

Fountain and fire in me!

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### DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

Ah dearest Lord! I cannot pray,

My fancy is not free;

Unmannerly distractions come,

And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day

Glows bright on me at prayer,

And plans that ask no thought but then

Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems  
Of dreamy sight and sound,  
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,  
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,  
New hopes start into life,  
And past and future gaily blend  
In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits ;  
My changeful limbs conspire  
With all these phantoms of the mind  
My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray ; yet, Lord ! Thou knowst  
The pain it is to me  
To have my vainly struggling thoughts  
Thus torn away from Thee.

Sweet Jesus ! teach me how to prize  
These tedious hours when I,  
Foolish and mute before Thy Face,  
In helpless worship lie.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,  
Or selfish pastime sweet ;  
It is the prostrate creature's place  
At his Creator's Feet.

Had I, dear Lord! no pleasure found •  
But in the thought of Thee,  
Prayer would have come unsought, and been  
A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord !  
In weak distracted prayer :  
A sinner out of heart with self  
Most often finds Thee there.

For prayer that humbles sets the soul  
From all illusions free,  
And teaches it how utterly,  
Dear Lord ! it hangs on Thee.

The heart, that on self-sacrifice  
Is covetously bent,  
Will bless Thy chastening hand that makes  
Its prayer its punishment.

My Saviour ! why should I complain  
And why fear aught but sin ?  
Distractions are but outward things ;  
Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface-troubles come and go,  
Like rufflings of the sea ;  
The deeper depth is out of reach  
To all, my God, but Thee.

## SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart ?

    Why struggle in thy cage ?

What shall I do for thee, poor heart !

    Thy throbbing heat to swage ?

What spell is this come over thee,

    My soul ! what sweet surprise ?

And wherefore these unbidden tears

    That start into mine eyes ?

How great, how good does God appear,

    How dear our holy faith,

How tasteless life's best joys have grown,

    How I could welcome death !

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord !

    Dear Spirit ! it is Thou ;

Deeper and deeper in my heart

    I feel Thee nestling now.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask ;

    But, dear and gentle Dove !

Oh wherefore hast Thou lit on one

    That so repays Thy love ?

Would that Thou mightest stay with me,

    Or else that I might die

While heart and soul are still subdued

    With Thy sweet mastery.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord !  
The simple are Thy rest ;  
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;  
Thou makest there Thy nest.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !  
If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a nest for Thee.

My heart, sweet Dove ! I'll lend to Thee  
To mourn with at Thy will ;  
My tongue shall be Thy lute to try  
On sinners' souls Thy skill.

How silver-like Thy plumage is,  
Thy voice how grave, how gay !  
Ah me ! how I shall miss Thee, Lord !  
Then promise me to stay.

Who made this beating heart of mine,  
But Thou, my heavenly Guest ?  
Let no one have it then but Thee,  
And let it be Thy nest.

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#### DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

Oh for the happy days gone by,  
When love ran smooth and free,  
Days when my spirit so enjoyed  
More than earth's liberty !

Oh for the times when on my heart  
    Long prayer had never palled,  
Times when the ready thought of God  
    Would come when it was called !

Then when I knelt to meditate,  
    Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,  
Countless and bright and beautiful,  
    Beyond my own control.

What can have locked those fountains up ?  
    Those visions what hath stayed ?  
What sudden act hath thus transformed  
    My sunshine into shade ?

This freezing heart, O Lord ! this will  
    Dry as the desert sand,  
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts  
    That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope  
    That cares not for its aim,  
A love that none the hotter grows  
    At Thy most blessed Name,—

The weariness of prayer, the mist  
    O'er conscience overspread,  
The chill repugnance to frequent  
    The feast of angels' Bread,—

If this dear change be Thine, O Lord !  
If it be Thy sweet will,  
Spare not, but to the very brim  
The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,  
Then show that sin to me,  
Not to get back the sweetness lost,  
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord ! I dread ;—  
To have a secret spot  
That separates my soul from Thee  
And yet to know it not.

For when the tide of graces set  
So full upon my heart,  
I know, dear Lord ! how faithlessly  
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned  
A chastisement like this,  
In trifling many a grace away  
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come  
A present from on high,  
Teach me to find the hidden wealth  
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I may learn  
    To tremble and adore,  
To sound my own vile nothingness,  
    And thus to love Thee more,—  
  
To love Thee, and yet not to think  
    That I can love so much,—  
To have Thee with me, Lord ! all day,  
    Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord ! for hire,  
    Hire which Thy beauty showed,  
Can I not serve Thee now for nought,  
    And only as my God ?

Thrice blessed be this darkness then,  
    This deep in which I lie,  
And blessed be all things that teach  
    God's dear Supremacy !

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*THE PAIN OF LOVE.*

Jesus ! why dost Thou love me so ?  
    What hast Thou seen in me  
To make my happiness so great,  
    So dear a joy to Thee ?

Wert Thou not God, I then might think  
Thou hadst no eye to read  
The badness of that selfish heart,  
For which Thine own did bleed.

But Thou art God, and knowest all ;  
Dear Lord ! Thou knowest me ;  
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not  
Thy love's sweet liberty.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul  
With persevering wiles !  
Now give me tears to weep ; for tears  
Are deeper joy than smiles.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love  
Humbles me more and more,  
And brings to light forgotten sins,  
And lays them at my door.

The more I love Thee, Lord ! the more  
I hate my own cold heart ;  
The more Thou woundest me with love,  
The more I feel the smart.

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord !  
Say, shall I fly from Thee,  
And hide my poor unloving self  
Where Thou canst never see ?

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love  
To me might not be given?  
Ah, no! love must be pain on earth,  
If it be bliss in heaven.

---

*LOW SPIRITS.*

Fever, and fret, and aimless stir,  
And disappointed strife,  
All chafing unsuccessful things,  
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,  
And sameness doubles cares,  
While one unbroken chain of work  
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke  
The streets resound with noise;  
And the soul sinks to see its peers  
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me; smiles are near;  
Kind welcomes to be had;  
And yet my spirit is alone,  
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain  
Be quit of my long part;  
The burden of unquiet life  
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work  
As thou hast done before ;  
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,  
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,  
Without or praise or prayer,  
Gives light to know, and life to do,  
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh there is music in that thought  
Unto a heart unstrung,  
Like sweet bells at the evening-time  
Most musically rung.

'Tis not His justice or His power,  
Beauty or blest abode,  
But the mere unexpanded thought  
Of the Eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,  
Nor even that He is ;  
Words fail it, but it is a thought  
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought ! lie closer to my heart,  
That I may feel thee near,  
As one who for his weapon feels  
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,  
When sadness makes us lowly,  
As though thou wert the echo sweet  
Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord ! for this kind check  
To spirits over free,  
And for all things that make me feel  
More helpless need of Thee.

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*LIGHT IN DARKNESS.*

Once in the simple thought of God,  
My old repose I sought,  
But lo ! the well-known peace was now  
No longer in that thought.

My spirit fluttered here and there,  
Beset with nameless fears ;  
My eyes with very dryness burned,  
While my heart shed inward tears.

I was as one who cannot sleep,  
Upon a bed of pain,  
Too restless to be still and bear,  
Too peevish to complain.

Then suddenly a silent gloom  
Like a web was round me spun,  
As grateful as a sudden shade  
After a scorching sun.

The darkness grew, and, as it grew  
More dark, it grew more still;  
And something dawnd, less in my mind  
Than deep within my will.

In that dark dawn, confused yet plain,  
I thought that I could see,  
A radiant indistinctness clad,  
The Holy Trinity.

My soul lay at the door of death,  
Anguish and dread within;  
For all I had and all I was  
Seemed nothing then but sin.

How I could speak I cannot tell,  
How I could dare to pray  
Seemed wonderful; and yet my heart  
To Jesus dared to say:—

Shew me the Father's Face, O Lord,  
This was my venturous cry,  
And close before me, as I prayed,  
Methought Some One passed by.

And yet He was not One but Three,  
Oh, how fatherly He seemed!  
A mercy half so merciful  
I never could have dreamed.

The space of one swift lightning's flash  
Was the Majesty outspread;  
Then the angels' songs the silence broke,  
And the glorious darkness fled.

Deep in Thine own immensity  
Thyself Thou hidest, Lord!  
There always speaking to Thyself  
Thine Uncreated Word.

Thy Wisdom, like a sea on fire,  
Is one with Thee in bliss;  
His unborn loveliness is Thine,  
Thine unborn glory His.

Thou and Thy Word perforce must *breathe*  
One equal Breath of love,  
A Breath that is being ever breathed  
One coeternal Dove.

Yet Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Into one Father run,  
A Father in Their Unity,  
A Trinity in One.

Father ! all we that toil on earth  
One day at rest shall be ;—  
Thou art our haven and our home,  
O dearest Trinity !

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### DIVINE FAVOURS.

Is this returning life that thrills  
So sensibly in all my veins ?  
Can this be heavenly joy that fills  
My soul with such mysterious pains ?

I see but indistinctly yet  
Forms growing like to what I knew ;  
One sun is rising, one is set,  
But which of those two suns is true ?

Within my soul there hath been strife :  
I hear retreating voices rave ;  
This stirring in me must be life,  
But life on which side of the grave ?

Blue sky, green earth, my well-known room !  
I waken up to all the past ;  
But what a look of cheerless gloom  
That inward light o'er all hath cast !

O Lord ! what hast Thou done to me ?  
What marks are these my spirit bears ?  
Why didst Thou come so frighteningly,  
Why take me, Lord ! so unawares ?

I felt Thy touch ; self died,—alas !  
Only a momentary death ;  
Ah me ! how quickly Thou didst pass—  
Within the breathing of a breath !

No revelation did unfold  
New secrets to my quickened eye ;  
No vision on my sight unrolled  
Its hieroglyphic pageantry.

I feel no wish to do great things,  
Nor is my weakness fortified ;  
Only, within are murmurings,  
Beginning softly to subside.

But in that momentary sleep  
One work within me hath been done ;  
For somehow I have sunk more deep,  
Farther into my soul have gone.

Thy touch hath made me sensitive  
I long to burrow out of sight ;  
My shame, selfseen, abhors to live,  
Humbled by such excess of light.

There have been times when sense of sin  
Hath laid my spirits very low ;  
Yet this sharp light went deeper in ;  
I never yet was humbled so.





## PART FOUR. Miscellaneous

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### THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS.

In pulses deep of threefold Love,  
Self-hushed and self-possessed,  
The mighty, unbeginning God  
Had lived in silent rest.

With His own greatness all alone  
The sight of Self had been  
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys,  
Before His eye serene.

He lay before himself and gazed  
As ravished with the sight,  
Brooding on His own attributes  
With dread untold delight.

No ties were on His bliss, for He  
Had neither end nor cause;  
For His own glory 'twas enough  
Tha: He was what He was.

His glory was full grown ; His light  
Had owned no dawning dim ;  
His love did not outgrow Himself,  
For nought could grow in Him.

He stirred—and yet we know not how  
Nor wherefore He should move ;  
In our poor human words, it was  
An overflow of love.

It was the first outspoken word  
That broke that peace sublime,  
An outflow of eternal love  
Into the lap of time.

He stirred ; and beauty all at once  
Forth from His Being broke ;  
Spirit and strength, and living life,  
Created things, awoke.

Order and multitude and light  
In beauteous showers outstreamed ;  
And realms of newly-fashioned space  
With radiant angels beamed.

How wonderful is life in heaven  
Amid the angelic choirs,  
Where uncreated Love has crowned  
His first created fires !

But, see ! new marvels gather there !  
The wisdom of the Son

With heaven's completest wonder ends  
The work so well begun.

THE UNBELIEVING WORLD.

O Lord ! when I look o'er the wide spreading  
world,  
How lovely and yet how unhappy it seems,  
How full of realities, pure and divine,  
Yet how bent on unworshipful dreams !

My heart swells within me, with thankfullest joy  
For the faith which to me Thou hast given ;  
For in all Thine amazing abundance of gifts,  
Thou hast no better gift short of heaven.

There was darkness in Egypt while Israel had  
sun,  
And the songs in the corn fields of Gessen  
were gay,  
And the chosen that dwelt 'mid the heathen  
moved on,  
Each threading the gloom with his own  
private day.

Ah ! so is it now with the Church of Thy choice ;  
Her lands lie in light which to worldlings  
seems dim ;  
And each child of that Church, who must  
live in dark realms,  
Has a sun o'er his head which is only for him.

Yet it grieves me too, Lord ! that so many  
should wander,  
Should see nought before them but desolate  
night,  
That men should be walled in with darkness  
around them,  
When within and without there is nothing  
but light.

But still more I grieve for Thy glory, O Lord !  
That the world should be only an Egypt for  
Thee,  
That the bondsmen of error should boast of  
their chains,  
And scoff at the love that would fain set  
them free.

But we who have light, we must make our light  
brighter,  
And thus show our love to Thee, Lord ! for  
Thy gift ;  
The faith Thou hast sent us our love can make  
greater,  
And almost to sight our believing can lift.

Faith is sweetest of worships to Him who so  
loves  
His unbearable splendours in darkness to  
hide ;

And to trust to Thy word, dearest Lord ! is  
true love,  
For those prayers are most granted which  
seem most denied.

Oh why hast Thou made then faith's field all  
so narrow,  
Nor multiplied objects for childlike belief ;  
For faith, though it is such a beautiful worship,  
Is but earth's span of heaven, too fleeting  
and brief.

Thou hast dealt better measure to hope than  
to faith ;  
Hope can hope for no more, since it hopes,  
Lord ! for Thee ;  
Nought is lacking to love which has fastened  
on God ;  
It is love lost in love like a drop in the sea.

But faith throws her arms around all Thou  
hast told her,  
And, able to hold as much more, can but  
grieve ;  
She could hold Thy grand Self, Lord ! if Thou  
wouldst reveal it,  
And love makes her long to have more to  
believe.

## THE OLD LABOURER.

What end doth he fulfil ?  
He seems without a will,  
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn man !  
He hath let the years pass ;  
He hath toiled, and heard Mass,  
Done what he could, and now does what he can.

And this forsooth is all !  
A plant or animal  
Hath a more positive work to do than he :  
Along his daily beat,  
Delighting in the heat,  
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.

What doth God get from him ?  
His very mind is dim,  
Too weak to love, and too obtuse to fear.  
Is there glory in his strife ?  
Is there meaning in his life ?  
Can God hold such a thing-like person dear ?

Peace ! he is dying now ;  
No light is on his brow ;  
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.  
The poor die often so,—  
And yet they long to go,  
To take to God their over-weighted hearts.

Born only to endure,  
The patient passive poor  
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude ;  
For they are men who keep  
Their lives secret and deep ;  
Alas ! the poor are seldom understood.

This labourer that is gone  
Was childless and alone,  
And homeless as his Saviour was before him ;  
He told in no man's ear  
His longing, love, or fear, [him.  
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er

He had so long been old,  
His heart was close and cold ;  
He had no love to take, no love to give :  
Men almost wished him dead ;  
'Twas best for him, they said ;  
'Twas such a weary sight to see him live.

He walked with painful stoop,  
As if life made him droop,  
And care had fastened fetters round his feet ;  
He saw no bright blue sky,  
Except what met his eye  
Reflected from the rain-pools in the street.

To whom was he of good ?  
He slept and he took food,

He used the earth and air, and kindled fire :  
    He bore to take relief,  
    Less as a right than grief ;—  
To what might such a soul as his aspire ?  
    His inexpressive eye  
    Peered round him vacantly,  
As if whate'er he did he would be chidden ;  
    He seemed a mere growth of earth ;  
    Yet even he had mirth,  
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.  
    Alway his downcast eye  
    Was laughing silently,  
As if he found some jubilee in thinking ;  
    For his one thought was God,  
    In that one thought he abode,  
For ever in that thought more deeply sinking.  
    Thus did he live his life,  
    A kind of passive strife,  
Upon the God within his heart relying ;  
    Men left him all alone,  
    Because he was unknown, [ing.  
But he heard the angels sing when he was dy-  
    God judges by a light,  
    Which baffles mortal sight, [won :  
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath  
    In His vast world above,  
    A world of broader love,  
God hath some grand employment for His son.

**MUSIC.**

That music breathes all through my spirit,  
As the breezes blow through a tree;  
And my soul gives light as it quivers,  
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New passions are wakened within me,  
New passions that have not a name;  
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms  
Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings  
Which make my life broaden and swell;  
And I hear strange things that are soundless,  
And I see the invisible.

Oh silence that clarion in mercy,—  
For it carries my soul away;  
And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,  
Like the leaves on an autumn day.

O exquisite tyranny! silence,—  
My soul slips from under my hand,  
And as if by instinct is fleeing  
To a dread unvisited land.

Is it sound, or fragrance, or vision?  
Vocal light wavering down from above?  
Past prayer and past praise I am floating  
Down the rapids of speechless love.

I strove, but the sweet sounds have conquered.  
Within me the Past is awake ;  
The Present is grandly transfigured ;  
The Future is clear as day-break.

Now Past, Present, Future have mingled  
A new sort of Present to make ;  
And my life is all disembodied,  
Without time, without space, without break.

But my soul seems floating for ever  
In an orb of ravishing sounds,  
Through faint-falling echoes of heavens  
'Mid beautiful earths without bounds.

Now sighing, as zephyrs in summer,  
The concords glide in like a stream,  
With a sound that is almost a silence,  
Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

Then oft, when the music is faintest,  
My soul has a storm in its bowers,  
Like the thunder among the mountains,  
Like the wind in the abbey towers.

There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling  
In their silent and eddying rings ;  
We tremble,—they touch us so lightly,  
Like the feathers from angels' wings.

There are pauses of marvellous silence,  
That are full of significant sound,  
Like music echoing music  
Under water or under ground.

That clarion again ! through what valleys  
Of deep inward life did it roll,  
Ere it blew that astonishing trumpet  
Right down in the caves of my soul ?

My mind is bewildered with echoes,—  
Not all from the sweet sounds without :  
But spirits are answering spirits  
In a beautiful muffled shout.

Oh cease then, wild Horns ! I am fainting ;  
If ye wail so, my heart will break ;  
Some one speaks to me in your speaking  
In a language I cannot speak.

Though the sounds ye make are all foreign,  
How native, how household they are ;  
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven.  
The dead and the angels, speak there.

Dear voices that long have been silenced,  
Come clear from their peaceable land,  
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness  
From the Presence in which they stand.

Or is music the inarticulate  
Speech of the angels on earth ?  
Or the voice of the Undiscovered  
Bringing great truths to the birth ?

O music ! thou surely art worship ;  
But thou art not like praise or prayer ;  
And words make better thanksgiving  
Than thy sweet melodies are.

There is in thee another worship,  
An outflow of something divine ;  
For the voice of adoring silence,  
If it could be a voice, were thine.

Thou art fugitive splendours made vocal,  
As they glanced from that shining sea,  
Where the Vision is visible music,  
Making music of spirits who see.

Thou, Lord ! art the Father of music ;  
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee ;  
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,  
Though it singeth them silently.

But I guess by the stir of this music  
What raptures in heaven can be,  
Where the sound is Thy marvellous stillness,  
And the music is light out of Thee.

## THE STARRY SKIES.

The starry skies, they rest my soul;  
Its chains of care unbind,  
And with the dew of cooling thoughts  
Refresh my sultry mind.

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,  
I rest, and sing, and rest,  
Among those bright dissevered worlds,  
As safe as in a nest.

And oft I think the starry sprays  
Swing with me where I light,  
While brighter branches lure me o'er  
New gulfs of purple night.

Yes, something draws me upward there  
As morning draws the lark;  
Only my spell, whate'er it is,  
Works better in the dark.

It is as if a home was there,  
To which my soul was turning,  
A home not seen, but nightly proved  
By a mysterious yearning.

It seems as if no actual space  
Could hold it in its bond;  
Thought climbs its highest, still it is  
Always beyond, beyond.

Earth never feels like home, though fresh  
And full its tide of mirth;  
No glorious change we can conceive  
Would make a home of earth.

But God alone can be a home;  
And His sweet Vision lies  
Somewhere in that soft gloom concealed,  
Beyond the starry skies.

So, as if waiting for a voice,  
Nightly I gaze and sigh,  
While the stars look at me silently  
Out of their silent sky.

How have I erred ! God is my home,  
And God Himself is here;  
Why have I looked so far for Him  
Who is nowhere but near ?

Oh not in distant starry skies,  
In vastness not abroad,  
But everywhere in His whole Self  
Abides the whole of God.

In golden presence not diffused,  
Not in vague fields of bliss,  
But whole in every present point  
The Godhead simply is.

Down in earth's duskiest vales, where'er  
    My pilgrimage may be,  
Thou Lord! wilt be a ready home  
    Always at hand for me.

I spake: but God was nowhere seen;  
    Was His love too tired to wait?  
Ah no! my own unsimple love  
    Hath often made me late.

How often things already won  
    It urges me to win,  
How often makes me look outside  
    For that which is within!

Our souls go too much out of self  
    Into ways dark and dim:  
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,  
    Than we who seek for Him.

Yet surely through my tears I saw  
    God softly drawing near;  
How came He without sight or sound  
    So soon to disappear?

God was not gone: but He so longed  
    His sweetness to impart,  
He too was seeking for a home,  
    And found it in my heart.

Twice had I erred: a distant God  
Was what I could not bear;  
Sorrows and cares were at my side:  
I longed to have Him there.

But God is never so far off  
As even to be near;  
He is within: our spirit is  
The home he holds most dear.

To think of Him as by our side  
Is almost as untrue,  
As to remove His throne beyond  
Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself  
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,  
Missing my joy, I walked the earth  
Myself God's sanctuary.

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### THE SORROWFUL WORLD.

I heard the wild beasts in the woods complain;  
Some slept, while others wakened to sustain  
Through night and day the sad monotonous  
round,  
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,  
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,  
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those  
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife  
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,  
As, when the clash of battle dies away,  
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of  
day.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can  
bear,  
As if his tainted blood defiled the air;  
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,  
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,  
Like slaves who will not speak when they  
obey;  
Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,  
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove ;  
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love ;  
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,  
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,  
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night to  
moan.

Shunning our confidence, as if we were  
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing but they must wail;  
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale ;  
One mountain-hollow to another calls  
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,  
As if the earth were fainting in distress,  
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears.  
And nought but his own beating pulses hears.

Inanimate things can rise into despair ;  
And, when the thunders bellow in the air,  
Amid the mountains, earth sends forth a cry,  
Like dying monsters in their agony.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,  
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan :  
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing  
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sob-  
bing.

O'er the white waste, cold grimly overawes  
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws ;  
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,  
And o'er the land, like an oppression, lies.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions  
borrow

From the funereal tread of men in sorrow;  
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,  
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear  
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care;  
The very babes, that in their cradles lie,  
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

Labor itself is but a sorrowful song,  
The protest of the weak against the strong;  
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,  
And from dank mines, the same sad sound it  
yields.

O God ! the fountain of perennial gladness !  
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness ;  
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and alarm ;  
Even sweet scents have but a pensive charm.

Doth earth send nothing up to Thee but  
moans ?

Father ! canst Thou find melody in groans ?  
Oh can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,  
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this ?

Ah me ! that sin should have such chemic  
power  
To turn to dross the gold of nature's dower,

And straightway, of its single self, unbind  
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant Mind !

Alas ! of all this sorrow there is need ;  
For us earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed  
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts  
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

Yes ! it is well for us : from these alarms,  
Like children scared, we fly into Thine arms ;  
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout  
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts  
rude ;  
We dare not live in nature's solitude ;  
In how few eyes of men can we behold  
Enough of love to make us calm and bold ?

Oh it is well for us : with angry glance  
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance :  
Seek where we will,—Father ! we see it now,—  
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou'

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### AUTUMN.

Autumn once more begins to teach ;  
Sere leaves their annual sermon preach ;  
And with the southward-slipping sun  
Another stage of life is done.

The day is of a paler hue,  
The night is of a darker blue,  
Just as it was a year ago ;  
For time runs fast, but grace is slow !

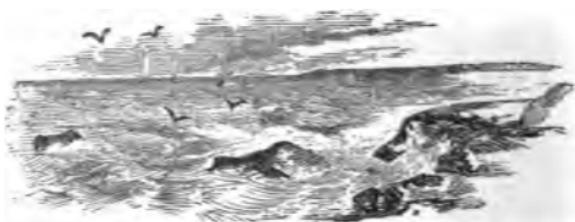
Life glides away in many a bend,  
In chapters which begin and end ;  
Each has its trial, each its grace,  
Each in life's whole its proper place.  
Life has its joinings and its breaks,  
But each transition swiftly takes  
Us nearer to or further from  
The threshold of our heavenly home.

Years pass away ; new crosses come ;  
Past sorrow is a sort of home,  
An exile's home, and only lent  
For needful rest in banishment.  
It narrows life, and walls it in,  
And shuts the door on many a sin ;  
'Tis almost like a calm fireside,  
Where humbled hearts are fain to bide.

Thou comest, Autumn, to unlade  
Thy wealthy freight of summer shade,  
Still sorrowful as in past years,  
Yet mild and sunny in thy tears,  
Ripening and hardening all thy growth  
Of solid wood, yet nothing loth  
To waste upon the frolic breeze  
Thy leaves, like flights of golden bees.

Have I laid by from summer hours  
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers ?  
Hath my past year a growth to harden,  
As well as fewer sins to pardon ? .  
Is God in all things more and more  
A king within me than before ?  
I know not, yet one change hath come,—  
The world feels less and less a home.

My soul appears, as I get old,  
More prompt in act, in prayer less cold ;  
Crosses, from use, more lightly press ;  
Mirth is more purely weariness ;  
With less to quarrel with in life,  
I grow less patient with its strife ;  
I wish more simply Lord to be,  
Ailing or well, always with Thee !





## PART FIFTH.

### *The Last Things.*

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#### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Oh it is sweet to think,  
Of those that are departed,  
While murmured Aves sink  
To silence tender-hearted,  
While tears that have no pain  
Are tranquilly distilling,  
And the dead live again  
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days  
Of earthly ties we love them;  
For they are touched with rays  
From light that is above them:  
Another sweetness shines  
Around their well-known features;  
God with His glory signs  
His dearly ransomed creatures.

Yes, they are more our own,  
Since now they are God's only;  
And each one that has gone  
Has left our heart less lonely.  
He mourns not seasons fled,  
Who now in Him possesses  
Treasures of many dead  
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead ! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us;  
And distant heaven like home,  
Through them begins to woo us;  
Love, that was earthly, wings  
Its flight to holier places;  
The dead are sacred things  
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth  
Attract us now to heaven;

Who shared our grief and mirth  
Back to us now are given.  
They move with noiseless foot  
Gravely and sweetly round us,  
And their soft touch hath cut  
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead ! to heaven  
With grudging sighs we gave you,  
To Him—be doubts forgiven !  
Who took you there to save you :—  
Now get us grace to love  
Your memories yet more kindly,  
Pine for our homes above,  
And trust to God more blindly.

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### THE ETERNAL YEARS.

How shalt thou bear the Cross that now  
So dread a weight appears ?  
Keep quietly to God, and think  
Upon the Eternal Years.

Austerity is little help,  
Although it somewhat cheers ;  
Thine oil of gladness is the thought  
Of the Eternal Years.

Set hours and written rule are good,  
Long prayer can lay our fears :  
But it is better calm for thee  
· To count the Eternal Years.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,  
God's word unto the ears :  
But He will have thee rather brood  
Upon the Eternal Years.

Full many things are good for souls  
In proper times and spheres ;  
Thy present good is in the thought  
Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,  
Though meekness it appears ;  
More humbling is it far for thee,  
To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,  
Chiding thy scrupulous fears ;  
Learn to be real, from the thought  
Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,  
Nor be ashamed of tears ;  
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart  
Sing of the Eternal Years.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,  
Though little it appears ;  
For there is hid in it the weight  
Of the Eternal Years.

And knowst thou not how bitterness  
An ailing spirit cheers ?  
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought  
Of the Eternal Years.

One Cross can sanctify a soul ;  
Late saints and ancient scers  
Were what they were, because they mused  
Upon the Eternal Years.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower ;  
Time flies, and judgment nears ;  
Go ! make thy honey from the thought  
Of the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it, seen  
Through calm contrition's tears,  
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp  
At the Eternal Years.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought,  
Thy loves, 'hopes, smiles, and tears ;  
Such prison-house thine heart will make  
Free of the Eternal Years.

•

A single practice long sustained  
A soul to God endears :  
This must be thine—to weigh the thought  
Of the Eternal Years.

He practises all virtue well,  
Who his own Cross reveres,  
And lives in the familiar thought  
Of the Eternal Years.

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*AFTER A DEATH.*

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The grief that was delayed so long,  
O Lord ! hath come at last ;  
Blest be Thy Name for present pain,  
And for the weary past !

Yet, Father ! I have looked so long  
Upon the coming grief,  
That what should grieve my heart the most  
Seems almost like relief.

Alas ! then, did I love the dead  
As well as he loved me ?  
Or have I sought myself alone  
Rather than him, or Thee ?

To fear is harder than to weep,  
To watch than to endure ;

The hardest of all griefs to bear  
Is a grief that is not sure.

As on a watchtower did I stand,  
Like one that looks in fear,  
And sees an overwhelming host  
O'er hill and dale draw near.

The bitterness each day brought forth  
Was more than I could bear,  
And hope's uncertainty was worse  
Than positive despair.

I grew more unprepared for grief  
Which had so long been stayed ;  
The blow seemed more impossible  
The more it was delayed.

Yes ! the most sudden of our griefs  
Are those which travel slow ;  
The longer warning that it gives  
The deeper is the woe.

To look a sorrow in the face  
False magnitude imparts ;  
All sorrows look immensely large  
Unto our little hearts.

But to look long upon a grief,  
Which is so long in sight,

Unmans a heart more terribly  
Than a sudden death at night.

A swift and unexpected blow,  
If hard to bear, is brief;  
But oh! it is less sudden far  
Than a quiet creeping grief.

Least griefs are more than we can bear,  
Each worse than those before;  
Our own griefs always greater griefs  
Than those our fathers bore.

The griefs we have to bear alone,  
The griefs that we can share,  
Our single griefs, our crowded griefs,—  
Which are the worst to bear?

Yet all are less than our deserts;  
Within our grace they lie;  
The sorrows we exaggerate  
We cannot sanctify.

Dear Lord! in all our loneliest pains  
Thou hast the largest share,  
And that which is unbearable  
'Tis Thine, not ours, to bear.

How merciful Thine anger is,  
How tender it can be,

How wonderful all sorrows are  
Which come direct from Thee!

Years fly, O Lord ! and every year  
More desolate I grow ;  
My world of friends thins round me fast,  
Love after love lies low.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,  
Old places left unfilled,  
And young lives quenched before the old,  
And the love of old hearts chilled :

Dear voices and dear faces missed,  
Sweet households overthrown,  
And what is left more sad to see  
Than the sight of what has gone.

All this is to be sanctified,  
This rupture with the past ;  
For thus we die before our deaths,  
And so die well at last.

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### THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

Hark ! hark ! my soul ! angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore ;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are  
 telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

*Chorus.*

Angels of Jesus,  
 Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome  
 The pilgrims of the night !

Darker than night life's shadows fall around  
 us,

And, like benighted men, we miss our mark ;  
 God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely  
 found us,  
 Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 Come, weary souls ! for Jesus bids you  
 come !

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-  
 ing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly steal-  
 ing,  
 Kind Shepherd ! turn their weary steps to  
 Thee.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul ! faith's moonbeams softly glisten Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea ; And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ; While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping, Till life's long night shall break in endless love.

*Chorus.*

Angels of Jesus,  
Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome  
The pilgrims of the night !

## WISHES ABOUT DEATH.

I wish to have no wishes left,  
But to leave all to Thee;  
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will  
Things that I wish should be.

And these two wills I feel within,  
When on my death I muse:  
But, Lord! I have a death to die,  
And not a death to choose.

Why should I choose? for in Thy love  
Most surely I descry  
A gentler death than I myself  
Should dare to ask to die.

But Thou wilt not disdain to hear  
What those few wishes are,  
Which I abandon to Thy love,  
And to Thy wiser care.

Triumphant death I would not ask,  
Rather would deprecate:  
For dying souls deceive themselves  
Soonest when most elate.

All graces I would crave to have  
Calmly absorbed in one,—  
A perfect sorrow for my sins,  
And duties left undone.

I would the light of reason, Lord !  
Up to the last might shine,  
That my own hands might hold my soul  
Until it passed to Thine.

And I would pass in silence, Lord !  
No brave words on my lips,  
Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I  
Should die in the eclipse.

But when, and where, and by what pain,—  
All this is one to me :  
I only long for such a death  
As most shall honour Thee.

Long life dismays me, by the sense  
Of my own weakness scared :  
And by Thy grace a sudden death  
Need not be unprepared.

One wish is hard to be unwished,—  
That I at last might die  
Of grief for having wronged with sin  
Thy spotless Majesty.

## THE PATHS OF DEATH

How pleasant are thy paths, O  
Like the bright slanting west,  
Thou leadest down into the glow  
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,  
Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Back to our own dear dead,  
Into that land which hides in tombs  
The better part of our old homes ;  
'Tis there thou mak'st our bed.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Thither where sorrows cease,  
To a new life, to an old past,  
Softly and silently we haste,  
Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Thy new restores our lost ;  
There are voices of the new times  
With the ringing of the old chimes  
Blent sweetly on thy coast.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
One faint for want of breath,—  
And above thy promise thou hast given :  
All, we find more than all in heaven,  
O thou truth-speaking Death !

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

E'en children after play

Lie down, without the least alarm,

And sleep, in thy maternal arm,

Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

E'en grown-up men secure

Better manhood, by a brave leap

Through the chill mist of thy thin sleep,—

Manhood that will endure.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

The old, the very old,

Smile when their slumberous eye grows  
dim,

Smile when they feel thee touch each limb,

Their age was not less cold.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

Ever from pain to ease;

Patience, that hath held on for years,

Never unlearns her humble fears

Of terrible disease.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!

From sin to pleasing God;

For the pardoned in thy land are bright

As innocence in robe of white,

And walk on the same road.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Straight to our Father's Home ;  
All loss were gain that gained us this,  
The sight of God, that single bliss  
Of the grand world to come.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Ever from toil to rest,—  
Where a rim of sea-like splendour runs,  
Where the days bury their golden suns,  
In the dear hopeful west !

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## THE LENGTH OF DEATH.

Sweet Saviour ! take me by the hand,  
And lead me through the gloom ;  
Oh, it seems far to the Other Land,  
And dark in the silent tomb !

I thought it was less hard to die,  
A straighter road to Thee,  
With at least a twilight in the sky,  
And one narrow arm of sea.

Saviour ! what means this breadth of death,  
This space before me lying,  
These deeps where life so lingereth,  
This difficulty of dying ?

So many turns, abrupt and rude,  
Such ever-shifting grounds,  
Such a strangely-peopled solitude,  
Such strangely silent sounds ?

Another hour ! What change of pain  
In this last act doth lie !  
Surely to live life o'er again  
Were less prolix than to die.

How carefully Thou walkest, Lord !  
Canst Thou have cause to fear ?  
Who is that spirit with the sword ?  
Art Thou not Master here ?

Whom are we trying to avoid ?  
From whom, Lord ! must we hide ?  
Oh, can the dying be decoyed,  
With his Saviour by his side ?

Deeper !—Dark ! Dark ! But yet I follow ;  
Tighten, dear Lord ! Thy clasp !  
How suddenly earth seems to hollow,  
There is nothing left to grasp !

I cannot feel Thee ; art Thou near ?  
It is all too dark to see :  
But let me feel Thee, Saviour dear !  
I can go on with Thee.

What speed! How icy-smooth these stones!

Oh, might we make less haste?

How the caves echo back my moans

From some invisible waste!

May we not rest, dear Help? Oh, no,

Not on a road so steep!

Sweet Saviour! Have we far to go?

Ah, how I long for sleep!

Loose sand—and all things sinking! Hark,

The murmur of a sea!

Saviour! it is intensely dark;

Is it near eternity?

Can I fall from Thee even now?

Both hands, dear Lord! both hands!

Why dost thou lie so deep, so low,

Thou shore of the Happy Lands?

Ah! death is very, very wide,

A land terrible and dry:

If Thou, sweet Saviour! hadst not died,

Who would have dared to die?

Another fall!—Surely we steal

On towards eternity:—

Lord! Is this death?—I only feel

Down in some sea with Thee.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

Gloom gathered round us every hour  
In that house of awful sorrow ;  
Each day lay darker and more dark  
In the shadow of its morrow.

And yet no cloud that came passed on,  
No yesterdays went by ;  
Twas a storm that gathers without wind,  
Until it chokes the sky.

Time hungered for some dreadful change,  
And yet grew sick with fear,  
Impatient at the slow approach  
Of that which was too near.

But we never named what we most feared ;  
It was only understood ;  
And we lived on an unspoken faith  
That somehow God was good.

Yes ! God was good : on that one thought  
The whole day we were leaning :  
Yet we dared not put it into words,  
Lest it should lose its meaning.

Of many things, of many wants  
We had to be reminded :

We felt our way about the house  
Like men that had been blinded.

We scarce breathed anything but grief :  
We almost held our breath :  
We were inwardly unmanned and numbed  
With the looking out for death.

Each told to each what each well knew,  
Each told it o'er and o'er :  
Questions we asked which we ourselves  
Had answered just before.

From its intensity of aim  
Our own life aimless seemed :  
The very stern reality  
Made us almost think we dreamed.

The days could somehow drag themselves,  
Like wounded worms along :  
But I know not how we lived those nights,  
Save that God made us strong.

And somehow all things turned to fears ;  
And foolish things became  
Fountains of unrefreshing tears  
Which burned the eyes like flame.

Oh what a life it was, a life  
Of such entangled woe,  
Like the panic of a shipwrecked crew,—  
Only this was so slow :—

Entangled with minute details,  
Needful, but out of season,  
Yet a woe of such simplicity  
As almost troubled reason.

God shut us up there seven long weeks,  
As in some unworldly ark,—  
And we learned what He had meant us learn,—  
To live and to see in the dark.

Darkness is easier far to bear  
Than that unrestful gloom,  
Where the light snows in, and vaguely haunts  
The shapes and the things in the room.

One of those darknesses was this,  
In which God loves to dwell,  
One of those restful silences  
In which He is audible.

Slowly light came, the thinnest dawn,  
Not sunshine to our night,  
A new, more spiritual thing,  
An advent of pure light :

Perhaps not light; rather the soul  
Which just then came to see,  
And saw through its world-darkened life,  
And saw eternity.

O God ! it was a time divine,  
    Rich epoch of calm grace,  
A pressing of our hearts to Thine  
    In mystical embrace.

The work of years was done in days,  
    Fights won, and trophies given :  
For sorrow is the atmosphere  
    Which ripens hearts for heaven.

I saw dear souls with seemliest haste  
    Array themselves in light,  
And weave themselves angelic robes  
    Out of the utter night.

Eternal thoughts in simplest words  
    Fell meekly from their tongue,  
While the fragrance of eternity  
    To their silent presence clung.

For monthlike days, for yearlike nights,  
    I saw all this about me :  
It should have been my work ; but God  
    Had to do the work without me.

I only saw how I had missed  
    A thousand things from blindness,  
How all that I had done appeared  
    Scarce better than unkindness.

How that to comfort those that incur  
Is a thing for saints to try;  
Yet haply God might have done less,  
Had a saint been there, not I.

Alas we have so little grace,  
With love so little burn,  
That the hardest of our works for God  
Is to comfort those who mourn.

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## THE VIOLENCE OF GRIEF.

O merciful Father the blow that we feared,  
Though for long it hath threatened and slowly  
hath neared,  
Hath come all at once, hath too suddenly come,  
And laid waste the fair garden that once was  
our home.

We had thought to have borne it far better  
than this,  
Nor have grudged to Thy will our poor tribute  
of bliss;  
In our minds we had looked in the face of this  
woe,  
And had fixed how to kneel to encounter the  
blow.

But it seems as if sorrow did more than make  
haste,  
And had leaped from the clouds down upon  
us at last:  
And the grief most surprises, looks most like  
a wrong,  
Because we have looked for its coming so  
long.

Nay, we fain would believe that the blow had  
not come,  
That it was but a dream, this dumb, desolate  
home,  
That the eyes were not closed, could not pos-  
sibly close,  
In the light of whose love was our only re-  
pose.

All grief has its limits, all chastenings their  
pause;  
'Thy love and our weakness are sorrow's two  
laws;  
No burdens of Thine are too great to be borne,  
Didst Thou know how this sorrow would leave  
us forlorn?

We had said we were ready, whatever should  
chance;  
Of our hearts' preparations we made a ro-  
mance;

And we bade Thee sincerely to strike at Thy  
will;  
Thou hast struck, but how far are our hearts  
from being still!

What a voiceless despair, what a tempest of  
tears,  
What a perfect rebellion and clamour of fears,  
What murmurs unchecked, tempers unrecon-  
ciled!  
All within us, but faith, is disordered and wild.

Yet see how we crouch to Thee, Lord! after  
all;  
We wished Thee far off while the blow did not  
fall,  
And now our sole joy is to feel Thee so  
near,  
And we fling ourselves down on Thy lap with-  
out fear.

We fling ourselves on Thee with passionate  
trust;  
Thou art always most loving when forced to  
be just;  
And our ravings and tears are no worse in  
Thine eyes,  
Than the newly-weaned mountain-lamb's piti-  
ful cries

Our foolish wild words are some worship to  
Thee,  
Thou hast made us so, Lord! and wouldest  
have it so be;  
And we know, when our hearts the most bit-  
terly swell,  
Not the less was it love for being judgment as  
well.

Thy knowledge of us makes Thy pity more  
deep;  
Our knowledge of Thee bids us trust while  
we weep:  
For it is when we weep we are often most still;  
They who mourn most keep often most close  
to Thy will.

Thou wert always our Father! Each sun that  
arose  
Has done nothing through life but fresh mer-  
cies disclose;  
But we feel, while the joy of our life is laid low,  
Thou hast ne'er been so tender a Father as now.

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## DEEP GRIEF.

Days, weeks, and months have gone, O Lord !  
They seemed both long and brief ;  
Yet darker still the darkness grows,  
And deeper lies the grief.

They spoke of sorrow's laws and ways,  
They said what time would do ;  
Wise-sounding words ! yet have they been  
Most bitterly untrue.

O sorrow ! 'tis thy law to feed  
On what should be relief ;  
O time ! of all things surely thou  
Art cruelest to grief.

They tell me I am better now  
That tears have passed away ,  
Alas ! those earlier days of tears  
Were sunshine to to-day.

The mind was less afraid of self ,  
When sorrow's thoughts grew rank :  
The sights and sounds of recent grief  
Were better than this blank.

Old grief is worse than new : its pain  
Is deeper in the heart ;

The dull blind ache is worse to bear  
Than blow, or wound, or smart.

Deeper and deeper in my soul  
The weight of grief is stealing,  
And, strange to say, I feel it more  
When it has sunk past feeling.

O grief! when thou wert fresh and sharp,  
Part of life felt thy blow;  
But, grown the habit of my heart,  
Thou art my whole life now.

Most sovereign when least sensible,  
Most seen when out of sight,  
Thou art the custom of the day,  
And the haunting of the night.

Oh that they would not comfort me!  
Deep grief cannot be reached;  
Wisdom, to cure a broken heart,  
Must not be wisdom preached.

Deep grief is better let alone;  
Voices to it are swords;  
A silent look will soothe it more  
Than the tenderness of words.

Oh speak not! I will do my work,  
Nay, more work than my share;  
For to feel that it is idle grief  
Is what deep grief cannot bear.

Deep grief is not a past event,  
It is a life, a state,  
Which habit makes more terrible,  
And age more desolate.

But am I comfortless ? Oh no !  
Jesus this pathway trod ;  
And deeper in my soul than grief  
Art Thou, my dearest God !

Good is that darkening of our lives,  
Which only God can brighten :  
But better still that hopeless load,  
Which none but God can lighten.

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## GRIEF AND LOSS.

Lord ! art Thou weary of my cry,  
My unrepressed complaint ?  
The more Thy hand upholdeth me  
The more I seem to faint.

Alas ! had ever grief of man  
Such discontent as mine ?  
Yet how I crave to have my will  
Simply content with Thine ;  
  
Bear with me, patient God of Job !  
Bear with Thy weakly child ;

My thoughts are fevered with my grief,  
My heart is going wild.

From some abyss these causeless bursts  
Of stormy sorrow flow ;  
It seems as if nor outward thing,  
Nor inward, brought the woe.

All of itself it comes, and sweeps  
The landmarks quite away ;  
And these sudden tempests mostly come  
On the eve of a quiet day.

There is some change within my grief,  
Some shifting of my cross :  
What overweights me is not grief,  
It is the sense of loss.

What was a grief is now a loss,  
A stationary want,  
An absence felt in every room,  
In each familiar haunt.

My God ! how petulant I am,  
How hard to please in grief,  
For ever making fresh complaint  
Of what should be relief !

But, Lord ! Thou lovest we should speak,  
Nor silent bear our pain,

The look of Thy forbearing love  
Allures us to complain.

Oh loss is grief's most joyless side,  
Grief's least religious state :  
'Tis sorrow most unreconciled,  
Because most like to fate.

Loss is a sense upon whose nerve  
Life's ceaseless weight must press,  
A pain too dull and equable  
To vary its distress.

Loss is a thing so multiplied,  
So many-shaped a grief,  
So echoing every sound of life,  
That there is no relief.

I seemed to have him while I grieved ;  
At least grief was no void ;  
In some strange way the vehement woe  
My sinking spirits buoyed.

Fresh grief can occupy itself  
With its own recent smart ;  
It feels itself on outward things,  
And not on its own heart.

New sorrow never goads : it seems  
To fill and occupy ;

But I am goaded to despair  
By this blind vacancy :

And then it is such calm despair,  
Such a mute and passive pain,  
That they who love me smile, and say,—  
That I am myself again !

I move about, and do my work,  
That old routine of yore ;  
But, if I seem to sorrow less,  
It is to miss him more.

When I have missed him most all day,  
I have him in my dreams ;  
And then how worse than the first loss  
The dismal waking seems !

This sense of loss,—oh can it last ?  
Or, if it lasts, be borne ?  
The extremity that comes at night  
Has a worse extreme at morn.

My sorrow could defend itself,  
Or at least could live apart ;  
But the loss intrudes from every side  
On my defenceless heart.

The present is so like the past,  
Yet so terribly unlike,

That all life's touches do not touch,  
But cut and bruise and strike.

If it was more unbearable  
So stormily to grieve,  
The hopelessness of my great loss  
Is harder to believe :—

Worse to believe,—and yet alas !  
Worse to be borne as well,  
Because it makes life felt to be  
So quite impossible.

Is it, O Lord ! that I too much  
On creature's love have leaned ?  
Else why this void of all things now,  
This pain of being weaned ?

Sorrow by its own nature is  
In league with self-deceit:  
Its very grace improves its skill  
More grace to counterfeit.

Sorrow indulged must always make  
The grace within us less ;  
Man's sorrow at its best must be  
A form of selfishness,—

The gracefulest of all self-loves,  
But a self-worship still,  
A waste of heart whose deepest depths  
It is Thy right to fill.

Faith does not know of empty hearts ;  
They should be full of Thee,  
And to be full of Thee alone  
Is their eternity.

All life is loss ; for it delays  
The vision of Thy Face :  
Yet nothing, Lord ! is lost to him  
Who hath not lost Thy grace.

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### THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

The Shadow of the Rock !  
Stay, Pilgrim ! stay !  
Night treads upon the heels of day ;  
There is no other resting-place this way.  
The Rock is near,  
The well is clear,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock !  
The Desert wide  
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,  
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.  
The sun is gone,  
Thou art alone,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock,  
All come alone,  
All, ever since the sun hath shone,  
Who travelled by this road have come alone.  
Be of good cheer,  
A home is here,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
Night veils the land;  
How the palms whisper as they stand!  
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand!  
Cool water take  
Thy thirst to slake,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
Abide! Abide!  
This Rock moves ever at thy side,  
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.  
Ages are laid  
Beneath its shade,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
Always at hand,  
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,  
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.

It comes in sight  
Only at night,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
Mid skies storm-riven  
It gathers shadows out of heaven,  
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even  
Through the charmed air  
Dew falls not there,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
To angel's eyes  
This Rock its shadow multiplies,  
And at this hour in countless places lies.  
One Rock, one Shade,  
O'er thousands laid,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
To weary feet,  
That have been diligent and fleet,  
The sleep is deeper and the shade more sweet  
O weary! rest,  
Thou art sore pressed,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
Thy bed is made;

Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid  
This night beneath the self-same placid shade  
They who rest here  
Wake with heaven near,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
Pilgrim! sleep sound;  
In night's swift hours with silent bound  
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,  
Gaining more way  
By night than day;  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

The Shadow of the Rock!  
One day of pain  
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,  
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain;  
And only wake  
In heaven's day-break,  
Rest in the Shadow of the Rock.

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### *A CHILD'S DEATH.*

Thou toughest us lightly, O God! in our  
grief;  
But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous  
hours!

All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful  
and brief,  
Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

My children ! My children ! they clustered all  
round me,  
Like a rampart which sorrow could never  
break through ;  
Each change in their beautiful lives only bound  
me  
In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

But the eldest ! O Father ! how glorious he  
was,  
With the soul looking out through his fountain-  
like eyes :  
Thou lovest Thy Sole-born ! And had I not  
cause  
The treasure Thou gavest me, Father ! to  
prize ?

But the lily-bed lies beaten down by the rain,  
And the tallest is gone from the place where  
he grew ;  
My tallest ! my fairest ! Oh let me complain ;  
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat  
through.

I murmur not, Father! My will is with Thee ;  
I knew at the first, that my darling was Thine :  
Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O Father,—but  
see !

Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he  
was mine.

Thou hast taken the fairest : he was fairest to  
me ;

Thou hast taken the fairest : 'tis always Thy  
way ;

Thou hast taken the dearest : was he dearest  
to Thee ?

Thou art welcome, thrice welcome :—yet woe  
is the day !

Thou hast honored my child by the speed of  
Thy choice,

Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed  
him with mirth :

He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sounding  
voice,

While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on  
earth.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling through  
heaven,

One moment my ears with its music to slake !

Oh no! not for worlds would I have him re-given,  
Yet I long to have back what I would not re-take.

I grudge him, and grudge him not! Father!  
'Thou knowest  
The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow;  
It is thus in Thy husbandry, Saviour! Thou sowest  
The grief of to-day for the grace of to-mor-row.

'Thou art blooming in heaven, my Blossom, my Pride!  
And thy beauty makes Jesus and Angels more glad:  
Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest-born died,  
Oh why, my own saint! is thy mother so sad?

Go, go with thy God, with thy Saviour, my child!  
Thou art His; I am His; and thy sisters are His:  
But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild!—  
To think that her son is an angel in bliss!

Oh forgive me, dear Saviour ! on heaven's  
bright shore

Should I still in my child find a separate joy :  
While I lie in the light of Thy Face evermore,  
May I think heaven brighter because of my  
boy ?

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### THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

The Land beyond the Sea !  
When will life's task be o'er ?  
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,  
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and  
roar ?  
When shall we come to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea ?

The Land beyond the Sea !  
How close it often seems,  
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams :  
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and  
dreams !  
It longs to fly to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !  
Sometimes distinct and near  
It grows upon the eye and ear,

And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere;  
We seem half way to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!  
Sometimes across the strait,  
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,  
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait  
For us to pass to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!  
Oh how the lapsing years,  
Mid our not unsubmitive tears,  
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers  
Of those we love to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!  
How dark our present home!  
By the dull beach and sullen foam  
How wearily, how drearily we roam,  
With arms outstretched to thee,  
Calm Land beyond the Sea!

The Land beyond the Sea!  
When will our toil be done?  
Slow-footed years! more swiftly run

Into the gold of that unsetting sun !

Homesick we are for thee,

Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !

Why fadest thou in light ?

Why art thou better seen towards night ?

Dear Land ! look always plain, look always  
bright,

That we may gaze on thee,

Calm Land beyond the Sea !

The Land beyond the Sea !

Sweet is thine endless rest,

But sweeter far that Father's Breast

Upon thy shores eternally possest ;

For Jesus reigns o'er thee,

Calm Land beyond the Sea !

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### THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !

With no one sight that we have seen before.—

    Things of a different hue,

    And the sounds all new,

And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint.

Alone ! Oh that first hour of being a saint !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !  
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,  
    Perhaps no shape of ground,  
    Perhaps no sight or sound,  
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,—  
But to begin alone that mighty change !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !  
Knowing so well we can return no more :  
    No voice or face of friend,  
    None with us to attend  
Our disembarking on that awful strand,  
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore :  
To begin alone to live for evermore,  
    To have no one to teach  
    The manners or the speech  
Of that new life, or put us at our ease :—  
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies !

Alone ! No ! God hath been there long before,  
Eternally hath waited on that shore  
    For us who were to come  
    To our eternal home ;  
And He hath taught His angels to prepare  
In what way we are to be welcomed there.

Like one that waits and watches He hath sate.  
As if there were none else for whom to wait,

Waiting for us, for us  
Who keep him waiting thus,  
And who bring less to satisfy His love  
Than any other of the souls above.

Alone ? The God we know is on that shore,  
The God of whose attractions we know more  
Than of those who may appear  
Nearest and dearest here :  
Oh is He not the life-long friend we know  
More privately than any friend below ?

Alone ? The God we trust is on that shore,  
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more  
In trials and in woes  
Than we have trusted those  
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife,—  
Oh we shall trust Him more in that new life !

Alone ? The God we love is on that shore,  
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,  
And whom we've loved all through,  
And with a love more true  
Than other loves,—yet now shall love Him  
more :—  
True love of Him begins upon that shore !

So not alone we land upon that shore :  
'Twill be as though we had been there before .

We shall meet more we know  
Than we can meet below,  
And find our rest like some returning dove,  
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love

## PARADISE.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
Who doth not crave for rest ?  
Who would not seek the happy land,  
Where they that loved are blest ;  
Where loyal hearts and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
The world is growing old ;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold,  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight ?

O Paradise ! O Paradise !  
Wherfore doth death delay,  
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn  
Of our eternal day ;

Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near;  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I want to sin no more;  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me;  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,

All rapture through and through.  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
I feel 'twill not be long;  
Patience! I almost think I hear  
Faint fragments of thy song;  
Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

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### HEAVEN.

Oh what is this splendour that beams on me  
now,  
This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my  
soul,  
While faint and far off land and sea lie be-  
low,  
And under my feet the huge golden clouds  
roll?

To what mighty king doth this city belong,  
With its rich jewelled shrines, and its gar-  
dens of flowers,

With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures  
of song,  
And the light that is gilding its numberless  
towers ?

See ! forth from the gates, like a bridal  
array,  
Come the princes of heaven, how bravely  
they shine !  
'Tis to welcome the stranger to show me the  
way,  
And to tell me that all I see round me is  
mine.

There are millions of saints in their ranks and  
degrees,  
And each with a beauty and crown of his  
own ;  
And there, far outnumbering the sands of the  
seas,  
The nine rings of Angels encircle the throne.

And oh if the exiles of earth could but wir  
One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,  
From that hour they would cease to be al le  
to sin,  
And earth would be heaven : for heaven is  
love.

But words may not tell of the Vision of  
Peace,  
With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous  
fires ;  
Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows  
all cease,  
And the gift has outbidden its boldest de-  
sires.

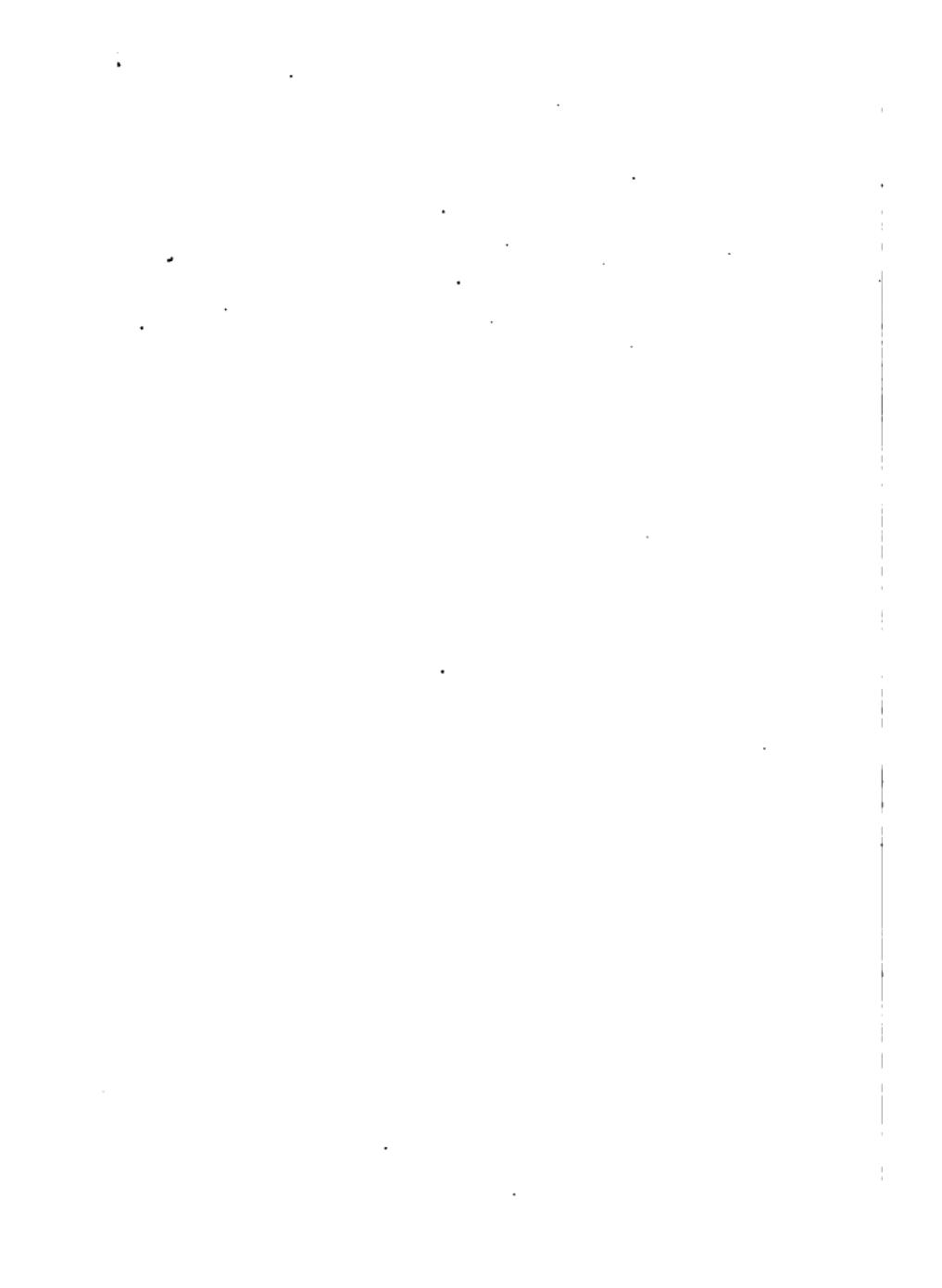
No sickness is here, no bleak bitter cold,  
No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful toil ;  
No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,  
No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

My God ! and it was but a short hour ago  
That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains ;  
All was cheerless around me, all weeping and  
woe ;  
Now the wailing is changed to angelical  
strains.

Because I served Thee, were life's pleasures all  
lost ?  
Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won heaven  
for me ?  
Oh no ! one enjoyment alone could life  
boast,  
And that, dearest Lord ! was my service of  
Thee.

I had hardly to give ; 'twas enough to receive,  
Only not to impede the sweet grace from  
above ;  
And, this first hour in heaven, I can hardly  
believe  
In so great a reward for so little a love.







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